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INTRODUCTION

INTRODUCTORY DIALOGUE

PERSONS:

The Editor of this Anthology
A Friend

Friend: Am I interrupting you? I see you're busy.

Editor: If I am busy, you must be interrupting me. But it doesn't matter. I am just completing a list of contents.

Friend: ?

Editor: To a second volume of Invective.

Friend: Another volume? I thought you covered the ground fairly thoroughly in your first. Is this one as good?

Editor: That is an awkward question. I tried in the first volume to give the classic pieces of invective in English; Dryden, Pope, Burke, and the rest; so if this volume is as good as its predecessor, it looks as if I must have missed a lot of obvious things in my first. If it's not as good, the question arises why I should have compiled it.

Friend: Well, why have you compiled it?

Editor: Partly to fill some big gaps to which I must confess in the first volume. Harold Stannard, in the *Observer*, pointed out that I had given no extracts from the Authorised Version, and that I had missed King James' Counterblaste to Tobacco, and Caliban on

Prospero. In the *Referee*, Edgell Rickwood drew my attention to Churchill's portrait of Hogarth. Horace Wyndham directed me to Greville, to Newman's attack on Achilli, and Dickens' outburst against public executions; and several unofficial critics lamented the absence of Browning's sonnet to Fitzgerald, and Shelley on George III and Castlereagh. Except for "Holy Willie's Prayer," I had missed Burns. I had also missed Burke's Letter to a Noble Lord.

Friend: You seem to have missed a good deal.

Editor: Yes, but you must remember that I was the first to put out across the uncharted seas of British Billingsgate. Palgrave, the first circumnavigator of our lyric poetry, omitted from his Golden Treasury the best of Donne, Marvell, and Blake.

Friend: Quite. Is that your list of contents?

Editor: Yes.

Friend: May I? (Picks up list and examines it.) You had most of these names in your first volume.

Editor: More than half the names on that list are new.

Friend: Really? Well, I suppose you know.

Editor: And the old names are not represented by inferior matter, I think. Donne, for instance. After the first volume came out, I suddenly remembered "The Perfume." It's worth a dozen of "The Apparition," my choice in the first volume.

> "And thy immortal mother, who doth lie
> Still buried in her bed, and will not die"—

the universal cry of all non-marrying lovers against the beloved's she-parent, the mother-out-of-law, so to

speak, a figure less celebrated than the mother-in-law, yet even more implacable, more pervasive, more hurtful to the nerves.

Friend: Yes. I see you give a lot of space to Cromwell again. He seems to be an obsession of yours. One might almost call Cromwell your King Charles' head! (Laughs. After a pause.) Don't use that. It's mine.

Editor: I introduce Cromwell again, because he stimulated more genuine invective than all our other politicians together. The Anabaptists' cry of anguish and remorse to Charles II is even more astonishing than a similar appeal would be from Maxton and Beckett to Baldwin, to save them from Ramsay MacDonald; for the Anabaptists cried to Charles across a moral as well as a political gulf.

Friend: You give a lot of Johnson, too.

Editor: Johnson is inexhaustible. If I edited twenty volumes of invective, Johnson would roar through them all. And, to forestall another objection, Swinburne would scream through them all.

Friend: You give us no more Pope.

Editor: I think his best is in volume one, and Dryden's, too, except for the brilliant lines on Burnet. Besides, I have not forgotten Pope altogether. He appears, though as a victim, in the extract from Lady Mary Wortley Montague.

Friend: A woman? According to you, women are incapable of literary invective.

Editor: Did I say that this extract from Lady Mary was literature?

Friend: What do you mean by literature? How can you distinguish between literary invective and any other kind?

Editor: I refuse to sit here trying to define literature for you. But I suppose you'll agree that a certain detachment from the subject is its first condition, and that this kind of imaginative distance from their emotions is much rarer in women than in men. Now I've got four women in this second volume; Lady Mary, Lady Bulwer, Ouida, and Miss Amanda Ros, and all four . . .

Friend: Amanda Ros? Who on earth is Amanda Ros?

Editor: A fiery spirit, entombed in the British Museum, whom I have brought back to the upper air for a space. She appears to have flamed in Northern Ireland in the 'nineties. I have chosen her as an extreme example of the feminine habit of pouring forth emotion in an untransmuted form. From Lady Bulwer, dealing with her own sufferings, detachment could not be expected. The extracts from Ouida, on vivisection and the New Woman, are naturally calmer than the ragings of poor Lady Bulwer. But if you compare Ouida on vivisectors with the passage I quote from Shaw on the same subject, you'll have a concrete example of the difference between feminine and masculine invective, and will perhaps agree that the latter has more of literature in it than the former. Even Lady Mary, though she writes in the masculine style of the eighteenth century, is too personal, making the sense of grievance, which is the source of all invective, more

audible than it should be, if we are considering her attack on Pope and Swift as literature.

Friend: Well, what about this? (Drawing out his pocket-book.) I made a note of it a few days ago, and, curiously enough, it's about Lady Mary. It's from Edith Sitwell's book on Pope. "A dilapidated macaw" —this is Lady Mary—"with a hard, piercing laugh, mirthless and joyless, with a few unimaginative phrases, with a parrot's powers of observation, and a parrot's hard and poisonous bite." Isn't that literature?

Editor: Of course it is.

Friend: Although from a woman's pen?

Editor: Although from a woman's pen.

Friend: I'm glad you admit it.

Editor: It would be madness to deny it. I hold that all living women writers are capable of literary invective.

Friend (examining list of contents again): Some war invective here, apparently. You ruled that out in volume one.

Editor: What you're looking at is invective against the war, and invective against invective against the war. Both extracts are of recent date, and neither has any connection with the invective written or spoken during the war itself. That still seems to me a subject for a separate volume. It's true I've included Chesterton's "Wife of Flanders," but only to illustrate Chesterton's range. Besides, as poetry, it is at the opposite extreme from the usual invective of the war, which by the way was intensely feminine in its lack of

detachment and control. When a woman is angry, she is more reckless of the consequences than a man, because the consequences are, as a rule, tempered for her. During the war, our writers, journalists and politicians could assail the Germans without any risk to themselves. So they let themselves go.

But have you nothing encouraging to say about my list?

Friend: It looks all right, but it's hard to judge it at a glance.

Editor: One thing under-represented in volume one was trials. You'll find a good list of them in this volume: Raleigh, Charles I, Cobbett, the Mannings, Casement, Newman versus Achilli, and an amazing brawl between two mid-Victorian Pussyfoots, which I came across in a volume of pamphlets, when I was looking for something else.

Friend: These chance finds are often quite amusing. Any others in this volume?

Editor: The Cumbrian schoolmaster on chastity, Sir William Napier on the Liver-puddle, and the anonymous Restoration husband on the pains of marriage. But how about "Chance Finds" as a title for an anthology? "Chance Finds: Being Oddities from the British Museum Reading Room Catalogue." Goes all right, doesn't it?

Friend: My poor friend, you are a little overwrought. The strain has told on you. Every trade has its own perils; and you are showing symptoms of "anthologist's ear."

Editor: What's that?

Friend: In extreme cases, an inability to hear six consecutive words spoken without extracting a title for an anthology out of them.

Editor: Then I'm not an extreme case, for I've extracted only one title out of an interruption to my work which has lasted about twenty minutes.

Friend: I can read between the lines as well as the next man, and so will say good-bye for the present.

TABLOID INVECTIVE

TABLOID INVECTIVE

Lord Rochester: 1647-1680

On Charles II :

"Here lies our sovereign lord the king,
Whose word no man relies on:
He never says a foolish thing,
Nor ever does a wise one."

Charles II: 1630-1685

On the above epigram: "My sayings are my own, my actions are my ministers."

Samuel Foote: 1720-1777

To a mediocre dramatist who proposed in future to laugh at his critics—"Do so, for in this way you will not only disappoint them, but lead the merriest life of any man in England."

To a nobleman, who having been thrown out of a second-floor window for cheating at cards asked Foote what he ought to do about it,—"Never play so high again."

John Wilkes: 1727-1797

To Lord Thurlow, who said: "When I forget my king, may my God forget me!" "He'll see you damned first."

John Horne Tooke: 1736-1812

To a rival politician, who said: "I am told, Mr. Tooke, that you have all the blackguards in London with you."

"I am happy to have it, sir, on such good authority."

John Philpot Curran: 1750-1817

To an M.P. who asked Curran if he had heard his last speech—"I hope I have."

Lord Ellenborough: 1750-1818

To a young counsel, who paused after saying—"The unfortunate client, on whose behalf I appear." "You may go on, sir. So far, the court is with you."

R. *B. Sheridan:* 1751-1816

Of Dundas, a member of Parliament: "He resorts to his memory for his jokes, and to his imagination for his facts."

Samuel Rogers: 1763-1855

On entering a drawing-room, during a sudden silence: "I see that Hallam has just been telling a joke."

The Duke of Wellington: 1769-1852

Asked what was the worst speech he had ever heard, the Duke replied—"A speech by a Portuguese general to his troops before going into action, beginning 'Men, remember that you are Portuguese'."

To a gentleman who asked him if he was surprised at Waterloo—"No, but I'm surprised now."

On a draft of officers sent out to him in Portugal: "I don't know what effect these officers will have on the enemy, but, by God, they frighten me."

To a gentleman who stopped him in the street, and said: "Mr. Robinson, I believe." "If you believe that, you'd believe anything."

George Canning: 1770-1827

A clergyman to Canning—"How did you like my sermon, Mr. Canning?"

Canning—"You were short."

Clergyman—"Yes, you know I avoid being tedious."

Canning—"But you *were* tedious."

The Reverend Sydney Smith: 1771-1845

To a young man who said: "If I had a son who was an idiot, I would make him a parson." "Your father was of a different opinion."

Daniel O'Connell: 1775-1847

Of Lord Brougham when he became Lord Chancellor—"If Brougham knew a little law, he would know a little of everything."

Thomas Carlyle: 1795-1881

On Harriet Martineau: "Broken into utter wearisomeness, a mind reduced to these three elements: Imbecility, Dogmatism, and unlimited Hope."

On Leigh Hunt: "Dwarfed and dislocated into the merest imbecility."

On Houghton's *Life of Keats*: "An attempt to make us eat dead dog by exquisite currying and cooking."

On Napoleon III: "His mind was a kind of extinct sulphur-pit, and gave out nothing but a smell of rotten sulphur."

On John Keble: "A little ape."

On Daniel O'Connell: "A wretched, blustering quack."

On Darwinism: "I have no patience whatever with these gorilla damnifications of humanity."

Abraham Lincoln: 1809-1865

"If General —— had known how big a funeral he would have had, he'd have died years ago."

John M. Whistler: 1834-1903

On Oscar Wilde: "Oscar, bourgeois malgré lui."

Oscar Wilde: 1854-1901

On the Bible—"When I think of all the harm that book has done, I despair of ever writing anything to equal it."

Lord Balfour: 1848-1930

Of a friend: "He pursues me with a malignant fidelity."

Oxford

Adam Smith:

A sanctuary in which exploded systems and obsolete prejudices find shelter and protection after they have been hunted out of every corner of the world.

Bishop Butler, author of "The Analogy of Religion":

We are obliged to misspend so much time here in attending frivolous lectures and unintelligible disputations that I am quite tired out with such a disagreeable way of trifling.

Sydney Smith: (on hearing that Honours Schools were being instituted):

If Oxford is become at last sensible of the miserable state to which it was reduced, as everybody else was out of Oxford, and if it is making serious efforts to recover from the degradation into which it was plunged a few years past, the good wishes of every respectable man must go with it.

Newman on the College Gaudy at Trinity:

To-morrow is our Gaudy. If there be one time of the year in which the glory of our College is humbled, and all appearance of goodness fades away, it is on Trinity Monday. Oh, how the angels must lament over a whole society throwing off the allegiance and service of their Maker, which they have pledged the day before at His table, and showing themselves the sons of Belial!

Cambridge

Dryden:

Oxford to him a dearer name shall be,
Than his own mother-university.
Thebes did his green, unknowing youth ingage;
He chooses Athens in his riper age.

Lord Chesterfield:

That illiberal seminary.

TABLOID INVECTIVE

Wordsworth on Cambridge dons:

Men unscoured, grotesque
In character, tricked out like aged trees.

K. Baedeker: (Great Britain. Handbook for Travellers.)

Oxford is on the whole more attractive than Cambridge to the ordinary visitor, who should therefore visit Cambridge first, or omit it altogether if he cannot visit both.[1]

[1] This quotation though not technically invective produces the same effect.

MORE INVECTIVE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

(1564-1616)

PROSPERO ON CALIBAN

Prospero: Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have used thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodged thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Caliban: O ho, O ho! would't had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Prospero: Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known. But thy vile race,

Though thou didst learn, had that in't
which good natures
Could not abide to be with . . .

Caliban: You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse.

(*Tempest*, Act I. Sc. ii.)

CALIBAN ON PROSPERO

All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a fire brand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em: but
For every trifle are they set upon me;
Sometime like apes, that mow and chatter at me,
And after bite me; then like hedgehogs, which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way and mount
Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.

(*Tempest*, Act II. Sc. ii.)

OTHELLO TO DESDEMONA

Othello: But there, where I have garner'd up my
heart,
Where either I must live or bear no life,
The fountain from the which my current
runs,

Or else dries up—to be discarded thence!
Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads
To knot and gender in!—Turn thy complexion there,
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin,
Ay, there, look grim as hell!

Desdemona: I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

Othello: O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing.—O thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair and smell'st so sweet
That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst ne'er been born!

Desdemona: Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

Othello: . . . What committed!
Impudent strumpet!

Desdemona: By heaven, you do me wrong.

Othello: Are not you a strumpet?

Desdemona: No, as I am a Christian! . . .

Othello: What, not a whore?

Desdemona: No, as I shall be saved.

Othello: Is't possible?

Desdemona: O, heaven forgive us!

Othello: I cry you mercy then;
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice
That married with Othello.

(*Othello*, Act IV. Sc. ii.)

JOHN DONNE

(1573-1631)

THE PERFUME (ELEGY IV)

ONCE, and but once, found in thy company,
All thy supposed escapes are laid on me,
And as a thief at bar is question'd there
By all the men that have been robb'd that year,
So am I—by this traitorous means surprized—
By thy hydroptic father catechized.
Though he had wont to search with glazèd eyes,
As though he came to kill a cockatrice;
Though he hath oft sworn that he would remove
Thy beauty's beauty, and food of our love,
Hope of his goods, if I with thee were seen,
Yet close and secret, as our souls we've been:
Though thy immortal mother, which doth lie
Still buried in her bed, yet will not die,
Takes this advantage to sleep out daylight,
And watch thy entries and returns all night;
And, when she takes thy hand, and would seem kind,
Doth search what rings and armlets she can find;
And kissing notes the colour of thy face;
And fearing lest thou'rt swollen, doth thee embrace;
And to try if thou long, doth name strange meats;
And notes thy paleness, blushing, sighs, and sweats;
And politicly will to thee confess
The sins of her own youth's rank lustiness;

Yet love these sorceries did remove, and move
Thee to gull thine own mother for my love.
Thy little brethren, which like fairy sprites
Oft skipped into our chamber, those sweet nights,
And kiss'd, and ingled on thy father's knee,
Were bribed next day to tell what they did see;
The grim-eight-foot-high-iron-bound-serving-man
That oft names God in oaths, and only then,
He that, to bar the first gate, doth as wide
As the great Rhodian Colossus stride
—Which, if in hell no other pains there were,
Makes me fear hell because he must be there—
Though by thy father he were hired to this,
Could never witness any touch or kiss.
But O! too common ill, I brought with me
That, which betrayed me to mine enemy,
A loud perfume, which at my entrance cried
E'en at thy father's nose; so were we spied.
When, like a tyrant king, that in his bed
Smelt gunpowder, the pale wretch shivered,
Had it been some bad smell he would have thought
That his own feet, or breath, that smell had wrought.

THE AUTHORISED VERSION

JOB COMPLAINETH OF LIFE

AFTER this opened Job his mouth, and cursed his day.

And Job spake, and said,

Let the day perish wherein I was born, and the night in which it was said, There is a man child conceived.

Let that day be darkness; let not God regard it from above, neither let the light shine upon it; let the blackness of the day terrify it.

As for that night, let darkness seize upon it; let it not be joined unto the days of the year, let it not come into the number of the months.

Lo, let that night be solitary, let no joyful voice come therein.

Let them curse it that curse the day, who are ready to raise up their mourning.

Let the stars of the twilight thereof be dark; let it look for light, but have none; neither let it see the dawning of the day:

Because it shut not up the doors of my mother's womb, nor hid sorrow from mine eyes.

Why died I not from the womb? Why did I not give up the ghost when I came out of the belly?

Why did the knees prevent me? or why the breasts that I should suck?

For now should I have lain still and been quiet, I should have slept: then had I been at rest.

With kings and counsellors of the earth, which built desolate places for themselves;

Or with princes that had gold, who filled their houses with silver:

Or as an hidden untimely birth I had not been; as infants which never saw light.

There the wicked cease from troubling; and there the weary be at rest.

There the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor.

The small and great are there; and the servant is free from his master.

Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery, and life unto the bitter in soul;

Which long for death, but it cometh not; and dig for it more than for hid treasures;

Which rejoice exceedingly, and are glad, when they can find the grave?

. . . I was not in safety, neither had I rest, neither was I quiet; yet trouble came.

(*Job*, Chapter 3.)

JUDGMENTS UPON IMPIETY

Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field, till there be no place, that they may be placed alone in the earth!

In mine ears said the Lord of hosts, of a truth many houses shall be desolate, even great and fair, without inhabitant.

. . . Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them!

And the harp, and the viol, the tabret, and pipe, and wine, are in their feasts: but they regard not the work of the Lord, neither consider the operation of his hands.

. . . Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness; that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter!

Woe unto them that are wise in their own eyes, and prudent in their own sight! Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink.

Which justify the wicked for reward, and take away the righteousness of the righteous from him!

(*Isaiah*, Chapter 5.)

THE DAY OF THE LORD

BEHOLD, the day of the Lord cometh, cruel both with wrath and fierce anger, to lay the land desolate: and he shall destroy the sinners thereof out of it. . . .

Everyone that is found shall be thrust through; and every one that is joined unto them shall fall by the sword.

Their children also shall be dashed to pieces before their eyes; their houses shall be spoiled, and their wives ravished.

Behold, I will stir up the Medes against them, which shall not regard silver; and as for gold, they shall not delight in it.

Their bows also shall dash the young men to pieces; and they shall have no pity on the fruit of the womb; their eye shall not spare children.

(*Isaiah*, Chapter 13.)

THE VILLAGES OF GALILEE

THEN began he to upbraid the cities wherein most of his mighty works were done, because they repented not:

Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida! for if the mighty works, which were done in you, had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes.

But I say unto you, it shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the day of judgment, than for you.

And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell: for if the mighty works, which have been done in thee, had been done in Sodom, it would have remained until this day.

But I say unto you, That it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom in the day of judgment, than for thee.

(*St. Matthew*, Chapter 11.)

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

(1552-1618)

Sir Walter Raleigh's first trial was in 1603, immediately after the accession of James I, whose interests he had always opposed. He was accused of complicity in Lord Cobham's conspiracy against James, and found guilty of compassing the death of the king, of endeavouring to set Arabella Stuart on the throne, and of receiving bribes from Spain. The sentence of death was commuted to imprisonment in the Tower.

The evidence against him was inadequate, and the brutality of Coke and the Court generally won Raleigh a great deal of sympathy. An eye-witness wrote of Raleigh's brilliant defence: "He answered with that wit, learning, courage, and judgment that, save that it went with the hazard of his life, it was the happiest day that he had ever spent."

After the death-sentence Raleigh wrote to the Lords of the Council, to Cecil, and to the King, begging his life. Later he was ashamed of these entreaties, excusing himself to his wife on the ground that he had asked for mercy for her sake, and urging her to recover the letters if possible.

The servility with which royalty was addressed in that age is illustrated both by Coke and by Raleigh. Raleigh, in his petition for mercy, wrote, "I tooke no greater comfort than to behold Your Majesty and always

learning some good, and bettering my knowledge by Your Majesty's discourse. . . . I do therefore, on the knees of my hart, beseech Your Majesty to take counsel from your own sweet and mercifull disposition, and to remember that I have loved Your Majesty now twenty years."

Coke, in the course of his attack on Raleigh, referred to James in these terms: "I shall not need, my lords, to speak any thing concerning the King, nor of the bounty and sweetness of his nature, whose thoughts are innocent, whose words are full of wisdom and learning, and whose works are full of honour. . . ."

FROM THE OFFICIAL RECORD OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S TRIAL

(November 17, 1603)

Attorney General (Sir Edward Coke)*:* I will prove you the notoriousest traitor that ever came to the bar. After you have taken away the King, you would alter Religion. . . .

Sir Walter Raleigh: Your words cannot condemn me; my innocency is my defence. Prove me of these things wherewith you have charged me, and I will confess the whole indictment, and that I am the horriblest traitor that ever lived, and worthy to be crucified with a thousand thousand torments.

Sir Edward Coke: Nay, I will prove all: thou art a monster; thou hast an English face, but a Spanish heart. Now you must have money: Aremberg was no sooner in England (I charge thee Raleigh) but thou

incitest Cobham to go unto him, to deal with him for money, to bestow on discontented persons, to raise Rebellion in the Kingdom.

Raleigh: Let me answer for myself.

Coke: Thou shalt not.

Raleigh: It concerneth my life.

Coke: Oh! do I touch you?

. . . . . .

Coke: I think you meant to make Arabella a Titular Queen, of whose title I will speak nothing; but sure you meant to make her a stale. Ah! good lady, you could mean her no good.

Raleigh: You tell me news, Mr. Attorney.

Coke: Oh, sir! I am the more large, because I know with whom I have to deal: for we have to deal to-day with a man of wit.

Raleigh: Did I ever speak with this lady?

Coke: I will track you out before I have done.

. . . . . .

Raleigh: I do not hear yet, that you have spoken one word against me here: here is no treason of mine done: If my Lord Cobham be a traitor, what is that to me?

Coke: All that he did was by thy instigation, thou viper; for I *thou* thee, thou traitor.

Raleigh: It becometh not a man of quality and virtue to call me so: But I will take comfort in it, it is all you can do.

Coke: Have I angered you?

Raleigh: I am in no case to be angry.

Lord Chief Justice Popham: Sir Walter Raleigh, Mr. Attorney speaketh out of the zeal of his duty, for the

service of the King, and you for your life; be valiant on both sides.

. . . . . .

Raleigh: I appeal to God and the King in this point, whether Cobham's accusation be sufficient to condemn me.

Coke: The King's safety and your clearing cannot agree. I protest before God, I never knew a clearer Treason.

Raleigh: I never had intelligence with Cobham since I came to the Tower.

Coke: Go to, I will lay thee upon thy back, for the confidentest Traitor that ever came at a bar. . . .

Lord Cecil: Be not so impatient, good Mr. Attorney, give him leave to speak.

Coke: If I may not be patiently heard, you will encourage Traitors, and discourage us. I am the king's sworn servant, and must speak; If he be guilty, he is a Traitor; if not, deliver him.

Here Mr. Attorney sat down in a chafe, and would speak no more, until the Commissioners urged and entreated him. After much ado, he went on, and made a long repetition of all the Evidence, for the direction of the Jury; and at the repeating of some things, Sir Walter Raleigh interrupted him, and said, he did him wrong.

Coke: Thou art the most vile and execrable Traitor that ever lived.

Raleigh: You speak indiscreetly, barbarously and uncivilly.

Coke: I want words sufficient to express thy viperous Treasons.

Raleigh: I think you want words indeed, for you have spoken one thing half a dozen times.

Coke: Thou art an odious fellow, thy name is hateful to all the realm of England for thy pride.

Raleigh: It will go near to prove a measuring cast between you and me, Mr. Attorney.

Coke: Well, I will now make it appear to the world, that there never lived a viler viper upon the face of the earth than thou.

And therewithal he drew a Letter out of his pocket, saying further, My Lords, you shall see, this is an Agent that hath writ a Treatise against the Spaniard, and has ever so detested him; this is he that hath spent so much Money against him in service; and yet you shall all see whether his heart be not wholly Spanish. The Lord Cobham, who of his own nature was a good and honourable gentleman, till overtaken by this wretch, now finding his conscience heavily burdened with some courses which the subtilty of this Traitor had drawn him into; my lords, he could be at no rest with himself, nor quiet in his thoughts, until . . . with his own hands he wrote this Letter. Now sir, you shall see whether you had intelligence with Cobham, within four days before he came to the Tower. . . . I doubt not but this day God shall have as great conquest by this Traitor, and the Son of God shall be as much glorified, as when it was said, *Vicisti, Galilaee*; you know my meaning. . . .

Raleigh: I say, that Cobham is a base, dishonourable, poor soul.

Coke: Is he base? I return it into thy throat on his behalf: But for thee he had been a good subject. . . .

Here Raleigh pulled a Letter out of his pocket, which the Lord Cobham had written to him. . . .

Cobham's Letter of Justification to Raleigh

"I protest upon my salvation I never practised with Spain by your procurement; God so comfort me in this my affliction, as you are a true subject, for anything that I know. . . . So God have mercy upon my soul, as I know no Treason by you."

Raleigh: Now I wonder how many souls this man hath! He damns one in this letter, and another in that.

This was the last Evidence: whereupon a marshal was sworn to keep the Jury private. The Jury departed, and staid not a quarter of an hour, but returned, and gave their verdict, Guilty.

From the Lord Chief Justice's Judgment

Now it resteth to pronounce Judgment, which I wish you had not been this day to have received of me; for if the fear of God in you had been answerable to your other great parts, you might have lived to have been a singular good subject. I never saw the like Trial, and I hope I shall never see the like again. But since you have been found guilty of these horrible Treasons, the judgment of this court is, That you shall be had from hence to the place whence you came, there to remain until the day of execution; and from thence you shall be drawn upon a hurdle through the open streets to the place of execution, there to be hanged and cut down alive, and your body shall be opened, your

heart and bowels plucked out, and your privy members cut off, and thrown into the fire before your eyes; then your head to be stricken off from your body, and your body shall be divided into four quarters, to be disposed of at the king's pleasure: And God have mercy upon your soul.

KING JAMES I

King James' Counterblaste to Tobacco *was published in 1604. Tobacco was introduced into Europe in 1558 by a Spaniard, but it was the English, led by Drake and Ralph Lane, the first governor of Virginia, who popularised its use. Later, Raleigh became a keen smoker, and enjoyed a pipe shortly before his execution. The practice of smoking became general in the course of the seventeenth century, in spite of many measures to suppress it, including prison and flogging.*

A COUNTERBLASTE TO TOBACCO

. . . And now good Countrey men let us (I pray you) consider, what honour or policie can moove us to imitate the barbarous and beastly manners of the wilde, godlesse, and slavish Indians, especially in so vile and stinking a custome? Shall wee that disdaine to imitate the maners of our neighbour France (having the stile of the first Christian Kingdom) and that cannot endure the spirit of the Spaniards (their King being now comparable in largenes of Dominions, to the great Emperor of Turkie). Shall wee, I say, that have bene so long civill and wealthy in Peace, famous and invincible in Warre, fortunate in both, we that have bene ever able to aide any of our neighbours (but never deafed any of their eares with any of our supplications for assistance) shall we, I say, without blushing, abuse

ourselves so farre, as to imitate these beastly Indians, slaves to the Spaniards, refuse to the World, and as yet aliens from the holy Covenant of God? Why doe we not as well imitate them in walking naked as they doe? in preferring glasses, feathers, and such toyes, to golde and precious stones, as they do? Yea why do we not denie God and adore the Devill, as they doe?

. . . And for the vanities committed in this filthie custome, is it not both great vanitie and uncleanenesse, that at the table, a place of respect, of cleanlinesse, of modestie, men should not be ashamed, to sit tossing of Tobacco pipes, and puffing of the smoke of Tobacco one to another, making the filthy smoke and stinke thereof, to exhale athwart the dishes, and infect the aire, when very often men that abhorre it are at their repast? Surely Smoke becomes a kitchin far better than a Dining Chamber, and yet it makes a kitchin also often-times in the inward parts of men, soiling and infecting them, with an unctuous and oily kinde of Soote, as hath bene found in some great Tobacco takers, that after their death were opened. And not only meate time, but no other time nor action is exempted from the publike use of this uncivill tricke: so as if the wives of Diepe list to contest with this Nation for good maners their worst maners would in all reason be found at least not so dishonest (as ours are) in this point. The publike use whereof, at all times, and in all places, hath now so farre prevailed, as divers men very sound both in judgement, and complexion, have bene at last forced to take it also without desire, partly because they were ashamed to seeme singular, (like the

two Philosophers that were forced to duck themselves in that raine water, and so become fooles as well as the rest of the people) and partly, to be as one that was content to eate Garlicke (which hee did not love) that he might not be troubled with the smell of it, in the breath of his fellowes. And is it not a great vanitie, that a man cannot heartily welcome his friend now, but straight they must bee in hand with Tobacco? Now it is become in place of a cure, a point of good fellowship, and he that will refuse to take a pipe of Tobacco among his fellowes, (though by his own election he would rather feele the savour of a Sinke) is accounted peevish and no good company, even as they doe with tippeling in the cold Easterne Countries. Yea the Mistresse cannot in a more manerly kinde, entertaine her servant, then by giving him out of her faire hand a pipe of Tobacco. But herein is not onely a great vanitie, but a great contempt of Gods good giftes, that the sweetenesse of men's breath, being a good gift of God, should be wilfully corrupted by this stinking smoke, wherein I must confesse, it hath too strong a virtue: and so that which is an ornament of nature, and can neither by any artifice be at the first acquired, nor once lost, be recovered againe, shall be filthily corrupted with an incurable stinke.

. . . Moreover, which is a great iniquitie, and against all humanitie, the husband shall not be ashamed, to reduce thereby his delicate, wholesome, and cleane complexioned wife, to that extremitie, that either shee must also corrupt her sweete breath therewith, or else resolve to live in a perpetuall stinking torment.

Have you not reason then to bee ashamed, and to forbeare this filthie noveltie . . . a custome loathsome to the eye, hatefull to the nose, harmefull to the braine, dangerous to the Lungs, and in the blacke stinking fume thereof, neerest resembling the horrible Stigian smoke of the pit that is bottomlesse.

THE TRIAL OF CHARLES I

(1649)

The fullest account of Charles I's trial is by Mr. J. G. Muddiman, in his recent book on the subject.

The Court set up to try Charles was voted into existence by a small majority (twenty-six against twenty) of the remnant left in the House of Commons after Pride's Purge had ejected everyone in any way suspect of royalist sympathies. When Algernon Sidney remonstrated with Cromwell and Bradshawe on the illegality of this Court, Cromwell replied: "I tell you we will cut off his head with the crown on it."

The charge given below was interrupted, while it was being read out, by Lady Anna de Lille, widow of a Frenchman who had been knighted by Charles I. She called out that the charge proceeded not from the people of England, but from Traitors and rebels; and was seized by Colonel Hewson and branded with hot irons, on shoulder and head. "His Majesty," a friend of Lady de Lille records, "then seeing her flesh smoake and her haire all of a fire for him by their hot irons, much commiserated her, and wished he could have been able to requite her."

The King's persistency in refusing to acknowledge the Court so exasperated Colonel Hewson that he walked across and spat in the king's face, calling out "Justice! Justice upon the traitor!"

After the charge had been read out, witnesses were called to testify to the fact that they had seen Charles on various battlefields. His criminal complicity in the late insurrection against Cromwell having been thus established, he was sentenced to death.

From the "charge of High Treason and other High Crimes exhibited to the High Court of Justice by John Cook Esq., Solicitor-General appointed by the said Court, for and on behalf of the People of England against Charles Stuart King of England."

"That he the said Charles Stuart being admitted King of England, and therein trusted with a limited power to govern by and according to the laws of the land and not otherwise . . . yet, nevertheless, out of a wicked design to erect and uphold in himself an unlimited and tyrannical power, to rule according to his will and to overthrow the rights and liberties of the people, . . . hath trayterously and maliciously levyed war against the present Parliament and the people therein represented.

Particularly, on or about the thirtieth day of June, in the year of our Lord 1642, at Beverly in the County of Yorke. And upon or about the thirtieth day of July . . . etc., etc. (here follows a list of the principal engagements in the war between Charles and the Parliament). . . . By which cruel and unnatural wars by him the said Charles Stuart levied continued and renewed as aforesaid, much innocent blood of the free

people of this nation hathe been spilt, many families have been undone, the publick treasure wasted and exhausted, trade destructed and miserably decayed, vast expense and damage to the nation incurred and many parts of the land spoyled, some of them even to desolation. . . .

And the said John Cook . . . doth for the said treasons and crimes, on behalf of the said people of England, impeach the said Charles Stuart as a tyrant, traytor, murtherer and a publick and implacable enemy to the commonwealth of England. . . ."

OLIVER CROMWELL

(1599-1658)

Of the extracts given below, the first is a letter written in the direct style which Cromwell used when he wished his meaning to be understood, and which contrasts interestingly with the complicated chaos of his speeches in Parliament.

The next two extracts are from Clarendon's History of the Rebellion. *They form part of an address sent by the Anabaptists to Charles II, at Bruges, shortly before Cromwell's death, and are valuable as evidence of the rage felt against Cromwell by the extremists of his own party.*

BETWEEN FRIENDS

To the Reverend Mr. Hitch at Ely: These.

Mr. Hitch,

Lest the soldiers should in any tumultuary or disorderly way attempt the reformation of the Cathedral Church I require you to forbear altogether your Choir-service, so unedifying and offensive: —and this as you shall answer it if any disorder should arise thereupon.

I advise you to catechise, and read and expound the scripture to the people; not doubting but the Parliament, with the advice of the Assembly of Divines, will

direct you farther. I desire your sermons too, where usually they have been —— but more frequent.

Your loving friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

FROM AN ANABAPTIST ADDRESS TO CHARLES II

. . . WE know not, we know not, whether we have juster matter of shame or sorrow administered to us, when wee take a reflex view of our past actions, and consider into the commission of what crimes, impieties, wickednesses, and unheard of villainies, we have been led, cheated, cozened, and betrayed, by that grand impostor, that loathsome hypocrite, that detestable traitor, that prodigy of nature, that *opprobrium* of mankind, that landscape of iniquity, that sink of sin, and that compendium of baseness, who now calls himself our Protector. What have we done, nay, what have we not done, which either hellish policy was able to contrive, or brutish power to execute? We have trampled underfoot all authorities; we have laid violent hands upon our own Sovereign; we have ravished our Parliaments; we have deflowered the virgin liberty of our nation; we have put a yoke, an heavy yoke of iron, upon the necks of our own countrymen; we have thrown down the walls and bulwarks of the people's safety; we have broken often-repeated oaths, vows, engagements, covenants, protestations; we have betrayed our trusts; we have violated our faiths; we have lifted up our hands to heaven deceitfully; and that these our sins might want no

aggravation to make them exceeding sinful, we have added hypocrisy to them all; and have not only, like the audacious strumpet, wiped our mouths, and boasted *that we have done no evil*; but in the midst of all our abominations (such as are too bad to be named amongst the worst of heathens) we have not wanted impudence enough to say, Let the Lord be glorified: let Jesus Christ be exalted: let his kingdom be advanced: let the Gospel be propagated: let the Saints be dignified: let righteousness be established.

FROM A LETTER ACCOMPANYING THE ANABAPTIST ADDRESS

TIME, the great discoverer of all things, has at last unmask'd the disguised designs of this mysterious Age, and made that obvious to the dull sense of Fools, which was before visible enough to the quick-sighted prudence of wise Men, viz. that Liberty, Religion, and Reformation, the wonted Engines of Politicians, are but deceitful baits, by which the easily deluded Multitude are tempted to a greedy pursuit of their own ruin. In the unhappy number of these Fools, I must confess my Self to have been one; who have nothing more now to boast of, but only that, as I was not the first was cheated, so I was not the last was undeceiv'd; having long since, by peeping a little (now and then, as I had opportunity) under the vizzard of the Imposter, got such glimpses, though imperfect ones, of his ugly face, conceal'd under the painted pretences of Sanctity, as made me conclude, that the series of

Affairs, and the revolution of a few years, would convince this blinded Generation of their Errors; and make them affrightedly to start from Him, as a prodigious piece of deformity, whom they adored and reverenced as the beautiful Image of a Deity.

Nor did this my expectation fail me: God who glories in no Attribute more than to be acknowledged the Searcher of the inward parts, could no longer endure the bold affronts of this audacious Hypocrite; but, to the astonishment and confusion of all his Idolatrous worshippers, has, by the unsearchable wisdom of his deep laid Counsels, lighted such a Candle in the dark Dungeon of his Soul, that there is none so blind who does not plainly read Treachery, Tyranny, Perfidiousness, Dissimulation, Atheism, Hypocrisy, and all manner of Villainy, written in large Characters on his heart, nor is there anyone remaining, who dares open his mouth in justification of him for fear of incurring the deserved Character of being a professed advocate for all wickedness, and a sworn enemy to all Virtue.

. . . Great was the rage, and just the indignation of the People, when they first found the Authority of their Parliament swallow'd up in the new Name of a Protector; greater was their fury, and upon better grounds, when they observed that, under the silent, modest, and flattering Title of this Protector, was secretly assumed a Power more absolute, more arbitrary, more unlimited, than ever was pretended to by any King. The Pulpits straightways sound with Declamations, the streets are filled with Pasquils and

Libels, everyone expresses a detestation of this Innovation by publick Invectives, and all the Nation, with one accord, seems at once to be inspired with one and the same resolution of endeavouring valiantly to redeem that Liberty, by armes and force, which was treacherously stolen from them by deceit and fraud.

JAMES GRAHAM, MARQUIS OF MONTROSE
(1612-1650)

The extract given below is from Clarendon's History of the Rebellion. *Montrose, the most brilliant general of his age, after Cromwell, was captured when attempting to raise a force in Scotland to restore Charles II to the Throne. The brutality of his Presbyterian captors, and his spirited retorts, are vividly recorded in this passage.*

MONTROSE AND THE PRESBYTERIAN MINISTERS

That he might not enjoy any ease or quiet during the short remainder of his life, their Ministers came presently to insult him with all the reproaches imaginable; pronounced his damnation; and assured him, "That the judgement he was next day to suffer, was but an easy prologue to that which he was to undergo afterwards." After many such barbarities, they offer'd to intercede for him to the Kirk upon his repentance, and to pray with him; but he too well understood the form of their Common Prayer, in those Cases, to be only the most virulent, and insolent imprecations upon the Persons of those they prayed against ("Lord, vouchsafe yet to touch the obdurate heart of this proud incorrigible Sinner, this wicked, perjured, traitorous, and profane person, who refuses to hearken to the voice of thy Kirk," and the like

charitable expressions), and therefore he desired them "to spare their pains, and to leave him to his own devotions . . . they were a miserable, deluded, and deluding people; and would shortly bring that poor nation under the most insupportable servitude ever people had submitted to."

JOHN DRYDEN

(1631-1700)

The following portrait of Bishop Burnet is from Dryden's The Hind and the Panther, *a piece of Catholic propaganda, written after Dryden's conversion, which took place when James II, a Catholic, ascended the throne.*

BISHOP BURNET

A PORTLY prince, and goodly to the sight,
He seem'd a son of Anak for his height:
Like those whom stature did to crowns prefer;
Black-brow'd and bluff, like Homer's Jupiter;
Broad-back'd, and brawny-built for love's delight,
A prophet form'd to make a female proselyte.

Loud praises to prepare his path he sent,
And then himself pursued his compliment.

Prompt to assail, and careless of defense,
Invulnerable in his impudence,
He dares the world; and eager of a name,
He thrusts about, and justles into fame.
Frontless and satire-proof he scours the streets,
And runs an Indian muck at all he meets.
So fond of loud report, that not to miss
Of being known (his last and utmost bliss)
He rather would be known for what he is.

(From *The Hind and the Panther.*)

ANONYMOUS

The author of this attack on marriage preferred to remain anonymous. There is neither a printer's name, nor a date on the pamphlet, which is attributed, in the British Museum Catalogue, to 1690 approximately. It is characteristically Restoration in tone, and may be compared, in the angle from which it regards marriage, with Rochester's

> *"The clog of all pleasure, the luggage of life,*
> *Is the best can be said for a very good wife."*

AGAINST MARRIAGE

Directed to that Inconsiderable Animal called Husband

HUSBAND! thou Dull unpittied miscreant,
Wedded to Noise, to Misery, and Want;
Sold an Eternal Vassall for thy Life,
Oblig'd to Cherish and to Heat a Wife:
Repeat thy loath'd Embraces every Night
Prompted to Act, by Duty not Delight.
Christen thy froward Bantling every Year,
And carefully thy Spurious Issue rear.
Go once a Week to see the Brat at Nurse,
And let the Young Impostor drain thy Purse:
Marry'd! O Hell and Furies! Name it not,
Hence, hence you Holy Cheats; a Plot, a Plot!

ANONYMOUS

By Day 'tis nothing but an endless Noise;
By Night the Eccho of Forgotten Joys:
Ye Gods! that Man by his own Slavish Law,
Should on himself such Inconvenience draw.
Pox on him! let him go: what can I say?
Anathemas on him are Thrown away;
The wretch is marry'd, and has known the worst,
And now his Blessing is, he can't be Curst.

COTTON MATHER

(1663-1728)

Cotton Mather was one of the great New England preachers of the late seventeenth century. The devil-worship, with its delight in torture, of the Puritans is vividly illustrated in the following denunciation of a hypocrite.

The famous Salem persecution of witches was largely Cotton Mather's work. Even children were executed in this Puritan orgy. Other children were forced to run the gauntlet, and be lashed on their hands, once a week for a year; and twenty children who had, we are told, "less inclination to these Infernal enterprises," were lashed only on three succeeding Sundays.

THE PORTION OF THE HYPOCRITE

THE portion of the Hypocrite is, *To be cut asunder.* Perhaps he esteems himself safe, and sayes with Agag, *The bitterness of Death is past*; but God comes upon him, and like Agag, in I Sam. 15, 33, he is *hewn to pieces before the Lord.* Forlorn Creature!

. . . The Righteous and Jealous God will make a Sacrifice of this wretched Hypocrite; he shall become a Sacrifice to the burning and furious Indignation of the Omnipotent God. He has broke his Covenant; and now the vindictive Justice of God will break him

asunder for it; or as it is expressed in Psal. 50, 22, *I will tear you to pieces, and there shall be none to deliver you.* But when shall the Hypocrite thus be cut asunder? It shall be at least when he comes to dye, and leave the World. Before the Hypocrite is aware of it, an Officer will come from God, that shall say unto him, as in Luke, 12, 20, *Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee.* So, when the Body of the Hypocrite shall have snakes and worms in a cold grave crawling about it, then shall the Spirit of him in an hot Hell be under the gnaws of the worm, the snake, which never dyes.

Secondly. The portion of the Hypocrite is, *Weeping and gnashing of Teeth.* The sorrow which will torture the Soul of the Hypocrite, will be for and in his Exclusion from the Blessed presence of God for ever. . . . We read concerning Hypocrites in Mat. 25, 10, 11, 12, *The Door was shut, and they came saying, Lord, Lord, open to us! But he answered, I know you not.* Such a Cry, will the Hypocrite make, when he perceives an Admission into Heaven is denied unto him; *Lord, Lord! Open to me!* and, *Lord, Lord! is this all that my Religion has obtained for me!* and, *Lord, Lord! Whither art thou now sending of my desolate soul!* But what further, what rueful weeping will the Hypocrite fall into, when he finds the Devils and the Damned now his Companions for Eternity! When he lies Roaring in the fiery bottom of Hell, and crying out, *I am Tormented in this Flame!* When he feels the Wrath of God, like a Stream of Burning Brimstone Running through his Heart; When he is bleeding and breaking in the Winepress of God's Anger, and is chained up in the *place of Dragons*; and for him then to

think, *Here must I lie, till the very Heavens be no more!* Alas, what Weeping must he endure, throughout a Night that shall never have a Morning!

(From *Batteries upon the Kingdom of the Devil. Seasonal Discourses.* By Cotton Mather.)

WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM

(1708-1778)

The famous speech in which, shortly after he had entered Parliament, William Pitt answered Horatio Walpole's sneer at his youth is believed to have been written by Dr. Johnson, who used to report Parliamentary speeches for The Gentleman's Magazine, *and in the process much improved them.*

THE CRIME OF YOUTH

Sir,—The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honourable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny; but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of those who continue ignorant in spite of age and experience.

Whether youth can be attributed to any man as a reproach, I will not, Sir, assume the province of determining; but surely, age may justly become contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appear to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and in whom age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is

surely the object either of abhorrence or contempt; and deserves not that his grey head should secure him from insults. Much more, Sir, is he to be abhorred, who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and become more wicked with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country.

But youth, Sir, is not my only crime; I have been accused of acting a theatrical part.—A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and the adoption of the opinions and language of another man.

In the first sense, Sir, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves to be mentioned only that it may be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and though I may, perhaps, have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint; nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mien, however matured by age or modelled by experience.

But if any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behaviour, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain; nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment which he deserves. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity entrench themselves, nor shall any thing, but age, restrain my resentment; age, which always brings with it one privilege—that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment.

But with regard, Sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion that if I had acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure: the heat which offended them is the ardour of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavours, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice,—whoever may protect him in his villainy, and whoever may partake of his plunder.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU

(1689-1762)

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu quarrelled with Pope, whose declaration of love she is said to have received with an outburst of laughter. Her portrait of Swift, with whom she had no personal quarrel, is even bitterer than her attack on Pope. Both are brilliant, and more masculine in tone than most feminine invective.

SWIFT AND POPE

Dean Swift, by his lordship's own account, was so intoxicated with the love of flattery, he sought it amongst the lowest of people, and the silliest of women; and was never so well pleased with any companions as those that worshipped him, while he insulted them. . . .

He (Lord Orrery) has now drawn his pen, and given an example to mankind, that the most villainous actions, nay the most arrant nonsense, are only small blemishes in a great genius. I happen to think quite contrary, weak woman as I am. I have always avoided the conversation of those who endeavour to raise an opinion of their understanding by ridiculing what both law and decency obliges them to revere; but, whenever I have met with any of those bright subjects who would be smart on sacred subjects, I have ever

cut short their discourse by asking them if they had any lights and revelations by which they would propose new articles of faith? Nobody can deny but religion is a comfort to the distressed, a cordial to the sick, and sometimes a restraint on the wicked; therefore, whoever would laugh or argue it out of the world, without giving some equivalent for it, ought to be treated as a common enemy: but, when this language comes from a churchman, who enjoys large benefices and dignities from that very church he openly despises, it is an object of horror for which I want a name, and can only be excused by madness, which I think the Dean was always strongly touched with. His character seems to me a parallel with that of Caligula; and had he had the same power, would have made the same use of it. That emperor erected a temple to himself, where he was his own high-priest, preferred his horse to the highest honours in the state, professed enmity to the human race, and at last lost his life by a nasty jest on one of his inferiors, which I dare swear Swift would have made in his place. There can be no worse picture made of the Dean's morals than he has given us himself in the letters printed by Pope. We see him vain, trifling, ungrateful to the memory of his patron, that of Lord Oxford, making a servile court when he had any interested views, and meanly abusive when they were disappointed, and, as he says (in his own phrase), flying in the face of mankind with his adorer Pope. It is pleasant to consider, that, had it not been for the good nature of these very mortals they contemn, these two superior beings

were entitled, by their birth and hereditary fortune, to be only a couple of link-boys. I am of opinion their friendship would have continued, though they had remained in the same kingdom: it had a very strong foundation—the love of flattery on one side, and the love of money on the other. Pope courted with the utmost assiduity all the old men from whom he could hope a legacy, the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Peterborough, Sir G. Kneller, Lord Bolingbroke, Mr. Wycherly, Mr. Congreve, Lord Harcourt, &c., and I do not doubt projected to sweep the Dean's whole inheritance, if he could have persuaded him to throw up his deanery, and come to die in his house; and his general preaching against money was meant to induce people to throw it away, that he might pick it up. There cannot be a stronger proof of his being capable of any action for the sake of gain than publishing his literary correspondence, which lays open such a mixture of dulness and iniquity, that one would imagine it visible even to his most passionate admirers, if Lord Orrery did not shew that smooth lines have as much influence over some people as the authority of the church in these countries, where it can not only excuse, but sanctify any absurdity or villainy whatever.

(To the Countess of Bute from Louvere, 1752.)

CHARLES CHURCHILL

(1731-1764)

Churchill wrote The Epistle to Hogarth *as a reprisal for Hogarth's brilliant caricature of John Wilkes, in which Wilkes' cunning, power, and squint are all rendered with equal skill.*

Churchill, who died young, appointed his "dear friend, John Wilkes, Esquire," his literary executor, and desired him "to collect and publish" his works "with the remarks and explanations he has prepared and any others he thinks proper to make."

Wilkes, whom Churchill had consistently supported, disregarded this duty with the characteristic selfishness of the demagogic charmer. In all he wrote only six notes on his friend's work, the longest of which dealt with himself and Hogarth. An extract from this note is given below.

WILKES ON HOGARTH

When Mr. Wilkes was the second time brought from the Tower to Westminster Hall, Mr. Hogarth skulked behind in a corner of the gallery of the Court of Common Pleas; and while the Lord Chief Justice Pratt, with the eloquence and courage of old Rome, was enforcing the great principles of Magna Charta and the English Constitution; while every breast from his caught the holy flame of liberty, the painter was em-

ployed in caricaturing the person of the man, while all the rest of his fellow-citizens were animated in his cause; for they knew it to be their own cause, of their country, and of its laws.

The print of Mr. Wilkes was soon after published, drawn from the life by William Hogarth. . . . I know but one short apology to be made for this gentleman, or, to speak more properly, for the person of Mr. Wilkes; it is, that he did not make himself; and that he never was solicitous about the *case* of his soul (as Shakespeare calls it) only so far as to keep it clean and in health.

His form, such as it is, ought to give him no pain, while it is capable of giving so much pleasure to others.

HOGARTH

OFT have I known thee, Hogarth, weak and vain,
Thyself the idol of thy awkward strain,
Through the dull measure of a summer's day,
In phrase most vile, prate long, long hours away,
Whilst friends with friends all gaping sit, and gaze
To hear a Hogarth babble Hogarth's praise;
But if athwart thee Interruption came,
And mention'd with respect some ancient's name,
Some ancient's name who, in the days of yore,
The crown of art with greatest honour wore.
How have I seen thy coward cheek grow pale,
And blank confusion seize thy mangled tale!
How hath thy jealousy to madness grown,
And deemed his praise injurious to thy own!

Then without mercy did thy wrath make way,
And arts and artists all became thy prey;
Then did'st thou trample on establish'd rules,
And proudly levell'd all the ancient schools,
Condemn'd those works, with praise through ages graced,
Which you had never seen, or could not taste.

SAMUEL JOHNSON

(1709-1784)

In the first of the following extracts, Boswell, though he does not give Johnson's invective, presents the scene that led up to the outburst so vividly that the reader can easily supply some at any rate of the "degrading images," with which Boswell was overwhelmed. Boswell having laughed at the picture of Johnson keeping a seraglio, one may assume that Johnson gave Boswell very menial and humiliating employments in this imaginary seraglio, and was insistent that no precautions would be necessary to prevent any inmate of the seraglio from compromising herself with Boswell.

In the second extract, the gentleman obliterated by Johnson is probably Boswell, whose vanity often suppressed his name in these one-sided combats, but whose dramatic sense compelled him not to leave them unrecorded.

In the third extract, Johnson's touchiness and subsequent remorse, the keener because of his respect for the cloth, are excellently illustrated.

On hunting Johnson is as severe, though not as condensed, as Wilde, who described an English gentleman hunting the fox as "the unspeakable in full pursuit of the uneatable."

The famous letter to Mrs. Thrale, in answer to her letter in which she told Johnson that she was finally decided to marry Piozzi, expressed the despair of the old man, who loved Mrs. Thrale with the intensity of a hopeless and unacknowledged passion. He regretted the attack almost at once, and wrote to acknowledge his unreason, ending, "The tears stand in my eyes." She did not reply, and in his last illness he tried to "drive her quite from my mind," as he said, by destroying every letter and piece of paper which contained her name.

AN UNREPORTED OUTBURST

Johnson: "All animal substances are less cleanly than vegetables. Wool, of which flannel is made, is an animal substance; flannel therefore is not so cleanly as linen. . . . I have often thought, that, if I kept a seraglio, the ladies should all wear linen gowns—or cotton;—I mean stuffs made of vegetable substances. I would have no silk; you cannot tell when it is clean: It will be very nasty before it is perceived to be so. Linen detects its own dirtiness."

To hear the grave Dr. Samuel Johnson, "that majestick teacher of moral and religious wisdom," while sitting solemn in an armchair in the Isle of Sky, talk, ex cathedra, of his keeping a seraglio, and acknowledge that the supposition had often been in his thoughts, struck me so forcibly with ludicrous contrast, that I could not but laugh immoderately. He was too proud to submit, even for a moment, to be the object of ridicule, and instantly retaliated with such keen sarcastic wit, and such a variety of

degrading images, of every one of which I was the object, that, though I can bear such attacks as well as most men, I yet found myself so much the sport of all the company that I would gladly expunge from my mind every trace of this severe retort.

(Boswell's *Tour to the Hebrides.*)

. . . . . .

JOHNSON AND "A GENTLEMAN"

He sometimes could not bear being teazed with questions. I was once present when a gentleman asked so many as, "What did you do, Sir?" "What did you say, Sir?" that he at last grew enraged, and said, "I will not be put to the question. Don't you consider, Sir, that these are not the manners of a gentleman? I will not be baited with what, and why; what is this? what is that? why is a cow's tail long? why is a fox's tail bushy." The gentleman, who was a good deal out of countenance said, "Why, Sir, you are so good that I venture to trouble you."

Johnson: "Sir, my being so good is no reason why you should be so ill."

. . . . . .

INFLAMMABLE PARTICLES

Percy: "Pennant does not describe well; a carrier who goes along the side of Loch Lomond would describe it better."

Johnson: "I think he describes very well."

Percy: "I travelled after him."

Johnson: "And *I* travelled after him."

Percy: "But, my good friend, you are shortsighted, and do not see as well as I do."

I wondered at Dr. Percy's venturing thus. Dr. Johnson said nothing at the time; but inflammable particles were collecting for a cloud to burst. In a little while Dr. Percy said something more in disparagement of Pennant.

Johnson (pointedly): "This is the resentment of a narrow mind, because he did not find everything in Northumberland."

Percy (feeling the stroke): "Sir, you may be as rude as you please."

Johnson: "Hold, Sir! Don't talk of rudeness; remember, Sir, you told me (puffing hard with passion struggling for a vent) I was shortsighted. We have done with civility. We are to be as rude as we please."

Percy: "Upon my honour, Sir, I did not mean to be uncivil."

Johnson: "I cannot say so, Sir, for I *did* mean to be uncivil, thinking *you* had been uncivil."

Dr. Percy rose, ran up to him, and taking him by the hand, assured him affectionately that his meaning had been misunderstood; upon which a reconciliation instantly took place.

Johnson: "My dear Sir, I am willing you shall *hang* Pennant." (Boswell's *Life of Johnson*.)

ON HUNTING

He certainly rode on Mr. Thrale's old hunter with a good firmness, and though he would follow the hounds fifty miles on end sometimes, would never own

himself either tired or amused. "I have now learned," said he, "by hunting, to perceive, that it is no diversion at all, nor ever takes a man out of himself for a moment: the dogs have less sagacity than I could have prevailed on myself to suppose; and the gentlemen often call to me not to ride over them.[1] It is very strange, and very melancholy, that the paucity of human pleasures should persuade us ever to call hunting one of them."

(Mrs. Piozzi's *Anecdotes of Samuel Johnson.*)

LETTER TO MRS. THRALE ON HER PROPOSED MARRIAGE WITH PIOZZI

MADAM,

If I interpret your letter right, you are ignominiously married; if it is yet undone, let us once more talk together. If you have abandoned your children and your religion, God forgive your wickedness: if you have forfeited your fame and your country, may your folly do no further mischief. If the last act is yet to do, I who have loved you, esteemed you, reverenced you, and served you, I who long thought you the first of humankind, entreat that, before your fate is irrevocable, I may once more see you. I was, I once was,

Madam, most truly yours,

SAM: JOHNSON.

July 2, 1784.

I will come down, if you permit it.

[1] Query—The dogs or the gentlemen?

ROBERT BURNS

(1759-1796)

VERSES

Written on a pane of glass, on the occasion of a national thanksgiving for a naval victory

"Ye hypocrites! are these your pranks?
To murder men, and gie God thanks!
For shame! Gie o'er—proceed no further—
God won't accept your thanks for murther."

EXTEMPORE

Pinned to a Lady's Coach

"If you rattle along like your mistress's tongue,
Your speed will outrival the dart;
But a fly for your load, you'll break down on the road,
If your stuff be as rotten's her heart."

On seeing the Seat of Lord Galloway

"What dost thou in that mansion fair?—
Flit Galloway, and find
Some narrow, dirty dungeon cave,
The picture of thy mind!"

CRITICS

(*From "The Poet's Progress." A Poem in Embryo*)

"CRITICS! appall'd I venture on the name,
Those cut-throat bandits in the path of fame,
Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monroes:
He hacks to teach, they mangle to expose:
By blockhead's daring into madness stung,
His heart by wanton, causeless malice wrung,
His well-worn bays—than life itself more dear—
By miscreants torn, who ne'er one sprig must wear;
Foil'd, bleeding, tortur'd in th' unequal strife,
The hapless Poet flounces on through life,
Till, fled each Muse that glorious once inspir'd,
Low-sunk in squalid, unprotected age,
Dead even resentment for his injur'd page,
He heeds no more the ruthless critics rage.
So by some hedge the generous steed deceas'd,
For half-starv'd, snarling curs a dainty feast:
By toil and famine worn to skin and bone,
Lies, senseless of each tugging bitch's son."

. . . . . .

INSECTICIDE

"No more of your titled acquaintances boast,
And in what lordly circles you've been:
An insect is still but an insect at most,
Though it crawl on the head of a queen!"

EDMUND BURKE

(1729-1797)

Burke's famous Letter to a Noble Lord, *written in the last year of his life, has been recently reprinted in Mr. A. A. Baumann's* Burke, the Founder of Conservatism.

The full title is "A Letter from the Right Honourable Edmund Burke to a Noble Lord (Earl Fitzwilliam) on the attacks made upon him and his pension in the House of Lords by the Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Lauderdale early in the present sessions of Parliament, 1796."

"The grounds of objection," Mr. Baumann writes, "were that the grant had been made by the Crown instead of by Parliament; that its reception by an advocate of public economy was inconsistent; and the amount was excessive."

Mr. Baumann adds that this letter "together with the Letter on a Regicide Peace, *which immediately followed it, formed the political thought and guided the conduct of the Tories up to the passing of the first Reform Act in 1832."*

TO A NOBLE LORD

My Lord,

I could hardly flatter myself with the hope, that so very early in the season I should have to acknowledge obligations to the Duke of Bedford and

to the Earl of Lauderdale. These noble persons have lost no time in conferring upon me, that sort of honour, which it is alone within their competence, and which it is certainly most congenial to their nature and their manners to bestow.

To be ill spoken of, in whatever language they speak, by the zealots of the new sect in philosophy and politics, of which these noble persons think so charitably, and of which others think so justly, to me, is no matter of uneasiness or surprise. To have incurred the displeasure of the Duke of Orleans or the Duke of Bedford, to fall under the censure of citizen Brissot or of his friend the Earl of Lauderdale, I ought to consider as proofs, not the least satisfactory, that I have produced some part of the effect I proposed by my endeavours. I have laboured hard to earn, what the noble lords are generous enough to pay. Personal offence I have given them none. The part they take against me is from zeal to the cause. It is well! It is perfectly well! I have to do homage to their justice. I have to thank the Bedfords and the Lauderdales for having so faithfully and so fully acquitted towards me whatever arrear of debt was left undischarged by the Priestleys and the Paines.

. . . Why will they not let me remain in obscurity and inaction? Are they apprehensive, that if an atom of me remains, the sect has something to fear? Must I be annihilated, lest, like old John Zisca's, my skin should be made into a drum, to animate Europe to eternal battle, against a tyranny that threatens to overwhelm all Europe, and all the human race?

My lord, it is a subject of awful meditation. Before this of France, the annals of all time have not furnished an instance of a complete revolution. That revolution seems to have extended even to the constitution of the mind of man. It has this of wonderful in it, that it resembles what Lord Verulam says of the operations of nature: It was perfect, not only in its elements and principles, but in all its members and its organs from the very beginning. The moral scheme of France furnishes the only pattern ever known, which they who admire will instantly resemble. It is indeed an inexhaustible repertory of one kind of examples. In my wretched condition, though hardly to be classed with the living, I am not safe from them. They have tigers to fall upon animated strength. They have hyenas to prey upon carcasses. The national menagerie is collected by the first physiologists of the time; and it is defective in no description of savage nature. They pursue, even such as me, into the obscurest retreats, and haul them before their revolutionary tribunals. Neither sea, nor age—nor the sanctuary of the tomb, is sacred to them. They have so determined a hatred to all privileged orders that they deny, even to the departed, the sad immunities of the grave. They are not wholly without an object. Their turpitude purveys to their malice; and they unplumb the dead for bullets to assassinate the living.

. . . In one thing I can excuse the Duke of Bedford for his attack upon me and my mortuary pension. He cannot readily comprehend the transaction he condemns. What I have obtained is the fruit of no bargain;

the production of no intrigue; the result of no compromise; the effect of no solicitation. The first suggestion of it never came from me, mediately or immediately, to his majesty or any of his ministers. It was long known that the instant my engagements would permit it, and before the heaviest of all calamities had for ever condemned me to obscurity and sorrow, I had resolved on a total retreat. I had executed that design. I was entirely out of the way of serving or of hurting any statesman, or any party, when the ministers so generously and so nobly carried into effect the spontaneous bounty of the crown. Both descriptions have acted as became them. When I could no longer serve them, the ministers have considered my situation. When I could no longer hurt them, the revolutionists have trampled on my infirmity. My gratitude, I trust, is equal to the manner in which the benefit was conferred. It came to me indeed, at a time of life, and in a state of mind and body, in which no circumstance of fortune could afford me any real pleasure. But this was no fault in the royal donor, or in his ministers, who are pleased, in acknowledging the merits of an invalid servant of the public, to assuage the sorrows of a desolate old man.

. . . The crown has considered me after long service: the crown has paid the Duke of Bedford by advance. He is secure, and long may he be secure, in his advance, whether he performs any services or not. But let him take care how he endangers the safety of that constitution which secures his own utility or his own insignificance; or how he discourages those, who take

up, even puny arms, to defend an order of things, which, like the sun of heaven, shines alike on the useful and the worthless. . . . The Duke of Bedford will stand as long as prescriptive law endures; as long as the great stable laws of property common to us with all civilized nations, are kept in their integrity.

. . . But if the rude inroad of Gallic tumult, with its sophistical rights of man, to falsify the account, and its sword as a makeweight to throw into the scale, shall be introduced into our city by a misguided populace, set on by proud great men, themselves blinded and intoxicated by a frantic ambition, we shall, all of us, perish and be overwhelmed in a common ruin. If a great storm blow on our coast, it will cast the whales on the strand as well as the periwinkles. His grace will not survive the poor grantee he despises, no, not for a twelvemonth. If the great look for safety in the services they render to this Gallic cause, it is to be foolish, even above the weight of privilege allowed to wealth.

. . . The consequences (of the French Revolution) are *before* us,—not in remote history; not in future prognostication: they are about us; they are upon us. They shake the public security; they menace private enjoyment. They dwarf the growth of the young; they break the quiet of the old. If we travel, they stop our way. They infest us in town; they pursue us to the country. Our business is interrupted; our repose is troubled; our pleasures are saddened; our very studies are poisoned and perverted, and knowledge is rendered worse than ignorance, by the enormous evils of this

dreadful innovation. The revolution harpies of France, sprung from night and hell, or from that chaotic anarchy, which generates equivocally "all monstrous, all prodigious things," cuckoo-like, adulterously lay their eggs, and brood over, and hatch them in the nest of every neighbouring state. These obscene harpies, who deck themselves in I know not what divine attributes, but who in reality are foul and ravenous birds of prey (both mothers and daughters), flutter over our heads, and souse down upon our tables, and leave nothing unrent, unrifled, unravaged, or unpolluted with the slime of their filthy offal.

If his grace can contemplate the result of this complete innovation, or, as some friends of his will call it, *reform*, in the whole body of its solidity and compound mass, at which, as Hamlet says, the face of heaven glows with horror and indignation, and which, in truth, makes every reflecting mind and every feeling heart perfectly thought-sick, without a thorough abhorrence of everything they say, and everything they do, I am amazed at the morbid strength, or the natural infirmity of his mind.

THE *TIMES* ON NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

This article appeared in the Times *on July 25, 1815. It is interesting to compare it with the leaders in the* Times *after the Armistice in 1918.*

OUR paper of this day will satisfy the sceptics, for such there were beginning to be, as to the capture of that bloody miscreant, who has so long tortured Europe, Napoleon Buonaparte. Savages are always found to unite the greatest degree of cunning to the ferocious part of their nature. . . . The cruelty of this person is written in characters of blood in almost every country in Europe, and in the contiguous angles of Africa and Asia which he visited; and nothing can more strongly evince the universal conviction of his low, perfidious craft, than the opinion which was beginning to get abroad, that even after his capture had been officially announced both in France and England, he might yet have found means to escape.

However all doubts upon this point are at an end, by his arrival off the British coast, and if he be not now placed beyond the possibility of again outraging the peace of Europe, England will certainly never again deserve to have heroes such as those who have fought and bled at Waterloo, for this his present overthrow. The lives of the brave men who fell on that memorable day will have been absolutely thrown away by a

thoughtless country, the grand object obtained by their valour will have been frustrated, and we shall do little less than insult over their remains, almost before they have ceased to bleed. But Fortune, seconding their undaunted efforts, has put it in our power to do far otherwise.

Captain Sartorius of the *Slaney* frigate, arrived yesterday with despatches from Captain Maitland of the *Bellerophon*, confirming all the antecedent accounts of Buonaparte's surrender, with various other details, and closing them by their natural catastrophe—his safe conveyance to England. He is, therefore, what we may call, here. Captain Sartorius delivered his despatches to Lord Melville, at Wimbledon, by whom their contents were communicated to Lord Liverpool, at his seat at Coombe Wood; summonses were immediately issued for a Cabinet Council to meet at 12 o'clock; what passed there was, of course, not suffered to transpire; our narrative must therefore revert to the *Slaney* frigate, and the accounts brought by her. She had been sent forward by Captain Maitland, to Plymouth, with the despatches announcing that Buonaparte was on board the *Bellerophon* with a numerous suite. But it was the intention of Captain Maitland himself, to proceed to Torbay, and not to land his prisoners until he had received orders from Government.

Buonaparte's suite, as it is called, consists of upwards of forty persons, among whom are Bertrand, Savary, Lallemand, Grogeau, and several women. He has been allowed to take on board carriages and horses, but admission was denied to about fifty cavalry, for

whom he had the impudence to require accommodation. This wretch has really lived in the commission of every crime so long that he has lost all sight and knowledge of the difference that exists between good and evil, and hardly knows when he is doing wrong, except he be taught by proper chastisement. A creature—who ought to be greeted with a gallows as soon as he lands—to think of an attendance of fifty horsemen! He had at first wanted to make conditions with Captain Maitland, as to his treatment, but the British officer very properly declared that he must refer him upon this subject to his Government.

When he had been some time on board, he asked the Captain what chance two large frigates, well-manned, would have with a seventy-four. The answer, we understand, which he received to this enquiry, did not give him any cause to regret that he had not risked his fortune in a naval combat with the relative forces in question. By the way, we should not have been surprised, if he had come into an action with the two frigates, and then endeavoured to escape in his own, and leave the other to her fate. It has been the constant trick of this villain, whenever he has got his companions into a scrape, to leave them in it and seek his own safety by flight. In Egypt, in the Moscow expedition, and at Waterloo, such was his conduct.

. . . . . .

LORD BYRON

(1788-1824)

The editor was blamed by admirers of Byron for failing to do Byron justice in his first collection of Invective, and was counselled to search Moore's Life of Byron *for racy examples of the poet's prose invective. The results of his search are given below. Whatever may be thought of these extracts as invective, no one will question the fine critical instinct which made Byron class himself as a poet with Moore, and not with Wordsworth, Coleridge, or Keats.*

KEATS

On Keats: 1. (1820)—Of the praises of that little dirty blackguard Keats, I shall observe as Johnson did when Sheridan the actor got a pension: "What! Has *he* got a pension? Then it is time that I should give up *mine*!" Nobody could be prouder of the praise of the *Edinburgh* than I was, or more alive to their censure, as I showed in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. At present *all the men* they have praised are degraded by that insane article. Why don't they review and praise *Solomon's Guide to Health*? it is better sense and as much poetry as Johnny Keats.

2. (1821)—Is it true, what Shelley writes me, that poor John Keats died at Rome of the *Quarterly Review*? I am very sorry for it, though I think he took

the wrong line as a poet, and was spoilt by Cockney-fying, and suburbing, and versifying Tooke's *Pantheon* and Lempriere's *Dictionary*.

"MOORE AND I"

(1821)

I HAVE no patience with the sort of trash you send me out by way of books; except Scott's novels, and three or four other things, I never saw such work or works. Campbell is lecturing—Moore idling—Southey twaddling—Wordsworth drivelling—Coleridge muddling—Joanna Baillie piddling—Bowles quibbling, squabbling, and snivelling. Milman will *do*, if he don't cant too much, nor imitate Southey; the fellow has poesy in him; but he is envious and unhappy, as all the envious are. Still he is among the best of the day. Barry Cornwall will do better by-and-by, I dare say, if he don't get spoiled by green tea, and the praises of Pentonville and Paradise Row. The pity of these men is, that they never lived in *high life*, nor in *solitude*: there is no medium for the knowledge of the *busy* or the *still* world. If admitted into high life for a season, it is merely as spectators—they form no part of the mechanism thereof. Now Moore and I, the one by circumstances, and the other by birth, happened to be free of the corporation, and to have entered into its pulses and passions, *quarum partes fuimus*. Both of us have learnt by this much which nothing else could have taught us.

P. B. SHELLEY

(1792-1822)

The Masque of Anarchy *and the* Sonnet on George III *were both written in 1819, the year of the Manchester Massacre, and of universal unrest among the poor, who were suffering intensely from a variety of causes, some due to the reactionary callousness and stupidity of the governing classes, others to the late war and the spread of machinery.*

The reference to Eldon in the Masque of Anarchy *is clearly shaped by Eldon's refusal, in 1817, to allow Shelley the custody of his two children by Harriet.*

ENGLAND IN 1819

An old, mad, blind, despised, and dying king,—
Princes, the dregs of their dull race, who flow
Through public scorn,—mud from a muddy spring,—
Rulers who neither are, nor feel, nor know,
But leech-like to their fainting country cling,
Till they drop, blind in blood, without a blow,—
A people starved and stabbed in the untilled field,—
An army, which liberticide and prey
Makes as a two-edged sword to all who wield,—
Golden and sanguine laws which tempt and slay;
Religion Christless, Godless—a book sealed;
A Senate,—Time's worst statute unrepealed,—

Are graves, from which a glorious Phantom may
Burst, to illumine our tempestuous day.

FROM "THE MASQUE OF ANARCHY"

"I MET murder on the way
He had a mask like Castlereagh—
Very smooth he looked, yet grim;
Seven blood-hounds followed him:

All were fat; and well they might
Be in admirable plight,
For one by one, and two by two,
He tossed them human hearts to chew
Which from his wide cloak he drew.

Next came Fraud, and he had on,
Like Eldon, an ermined gown;
His big tears, for he wept well,
Turned to mill-stones as they fell.

And the little children, who
Round his feet played to and fro,
Thinking every tear a gem,
Had their brains knocked out by them.

. . . And many more Destructions played
In this ghastly masquerade,
All disguised, even to the eyes,
Like bishops, lawyers, peers, or spies.

Last came Anarchy; he rode
On a white horse, splashed with blood;
He was pale even to the lips,
Like Death in the Apocalypse.

And he wore a kingly crown;
And in his grasp a sceptre shone;
And on his brow this mark I saw—
'I am God, and King, and Law!'

. . . Men of England, Heirs of Glory,
Heroes of unwritten story,
Nurslings of one mighty mother,
Hopes of her, and one another,

Rise, like lions after slumber,
In unvanquishable number,
Shake your chains to earth like dew,
Which in sleep had fall'n on you.

What is Freedom? Ye can tell
That which Slavery is too well,
For its very name has grown
To an echo of your own.

'Tis to work, and have such pay
As just keeps life from day to day
In your limbs, as in a cell
For the tyrants' use to dwell. . . .

'Tis to see your children weak
With their mothers pine and peak,
When the winter winds are bleak:—
They are dying whilst I speak.

'Tis to hunger for such diet,
As the rich man in his riot
Casts to the fat dogs that lie
Surfeiting beneath his eye.

'Tis to let the Ghost of Gold
Take from toil a thousand fold,
More than e'er its substance could
In the Tyrannies of old:

. . . Asses, swine, have litter spread,
And with fitting food are fed;
All things have a home but one:
Thou, oh Englishman, hast none!"

WILLIAM COBBETT

(1762-1835)

The magnificent speech given below was delivered in 1831 when Cobbett was prosecuted by the Government for sedition. The jury, being unable to agree, were discharged, and Cobbett was acquitted. It was the greatest triumph of his tumultuous and mixed career.

The English Reformation, especially in its destruction of the monasteries, was together with the Whigs the chief object of Cobbett's detestation. The Catholic democratic movement of to-day has naturally turned back to Cobbett, as one of its forerunners, and his reputation stands higher now than it has ever yet stood.

It is perhaps worth noting that like many assailants of public corruption Cobbett's own private reputation for integrity, especially in money matters, was indifferent.

THE WHIGS

THIS is the second time in my life that I have been prosecuted by an Attorney-General, and brought before this Court. I have been writing for 30 years, and only twice out of that long period have I been brought before this Court. The first time was by an apostate Whig. What, indeed, of evil have the Whigs not done? Since then, although there have been six Attorneys-

General, all Tories, and although were I a crown lawyer I might pick out plenty of libels from my writings, if this be a libel, yet I have never for 21 years been prosecuted until this Whig Government came in. But the Whigs were always a most tyrannical faction; they always tried to make tyranny double tyranny; they were always the most severe, the most grasping, the most greedy, the most tyrannical faction whose proceedings are recorded in history. It was they who seized what remained of the crown lands; it was they who took to themselves the last portion of church property: it was they who passed the monstrous Riot Act; it was they also who passed the Septennial Bill. The Government are now acquiring great credit for doing away with the rotten boroughs; but if they deserve credit for doing them away, let it be borne in mind that the Whigs created them. They established an interest in the regulation, and gave consistency and value to corruption. Then came the excise laws, which were brought in by the Whigs, and from them, too, emanated that offensive statute by which Irish men and Irish women may be transported without judge or jury. There is, indeed, no faction so severe and cruel; they do everything by force and violence: the Whigs are the Rehoboam of England: the Tories ruled us with rods, but the Whigs scourge us with scorpions! The last time I was brought before this Court, I was sent out of it to two years' imprisonment among felons, and was condemned to pay, at the expiration of the two years, a fine of £1000 to the King, which the King took and kept. . . . In order to avoid being confined

in the same cells with common felons, I was obliged to ransom myself at the rate of ten guineas per week, which I paid to the jailor, and my other expenses amounted to ten guineas a week more; so that I was obliged to pay twenty guineas a week for 104 weeks. I was carried seventy miles from my family, and shut up in a jail, doubtless from the hope that I should expire from stench and mortification of mind. It pleased God, however, to bless me with health, and though deprived of liberty, by dint of sobriety and temperance, I outlived the base attempt to destroy me. What crime had I committed? For what was it that I was condemned to this horrible punishment? Simply for writing a paragraph in which I expressed the indignation I felt at an English local militiaman having been flogged under a guard of German bayonets! I only expressed the indignation I felt, and I should have been a base creature indeed if I had not expressed it. But now, military flogging excites universal indignation. If there be at present any of the jury alive who found me guilty and sentenced me to that punishment, what remorse must they not feel for their conduct when they perceive that every writer in every periodical of the present day, even including the favourite publication of this Whig Attorney-General, are now unanimous in deprecating the system of military flogging altogether! Yes, for expressing my disapprobation of that system, I was tossed into a dungeon like Daniel into the lion's den. But why am I now tossed down before this Court by the Attorney-General. What are my sins? I have called on the Government to respect the

law; I have cautioned them that hard-hearted proceedings are driving the labourers to despair; that is my crime. If the Government really wish to avoid disturbances in the country, let them give us back the old laws; let them give the people the old game law, and repeal the new law; and let them do away with the other grinding laws that oppress the poor. I have read, with horror which I cannot describe, of a magistrate being accused to the Lord Chancellor of subornation of perjury; I have read of that magistrate being reinstated, and I have shuddered with horror at supposing that a poor starving labourer may be brought before such a man, and, in conjunction with another such magistrate, may be doomed to seven years' transportation for being out at night, and such a magistrate may be himself a game-preserver! This is a monstrous power, and certainly ought to be abolished. The ministry, however, will perhaps adopt the measures I have recommended, and then prosecute me for recommending them. Just so it is with Parliamentary Reform, a measure which I have been foremost in recommending for twenty years. I have pointed out, and insisted upon, the sort of reform that we must have; and they are compelled already to adopt a large part of my suggestions, and avowedly against their will. They hate me for this; they look upon it as I do, that they are married to Reform, and that I am the man who has furnished the halter in which they are led to church. For supplying that halter, they have made this attack on me, through the Attorney-General, and will slay me if they can. The Whigs know

that my intention was not bad. This is a mere pretence to inflict pecuniary ruin on me, or cause me to die of sickness in a jail; so that they may get rid of me because they can neither buy nor silence me. It is their fears which make them attack me, and it is my death they intend. In that object they will be defeated, for, thank Heaven, you stand between me and destruction. If, however, your verdict should be—which I do not anticipate—one that will consign me to death, by sending me to a loathsome dungeon, I will with my last breath pray to God to bless my country and curse the Whigs, and I bequeath my revenge to my children and the labourers of England.

[Mr. Cobbett then sat down amidst loud acclamations from the spectators in the gallery, which it was with great difficulty the officers could suppress.]

BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON

(1786-1846)

Haydon's enormous pictures, portraying religious and historical subjects, have not given him the lasting fame which not only he but such men as Wordsworth and Keats expected for him.

His Autobiography, however, from which the extracts given below are taken, is extraordinarily vivid and sincere, and has a permanent place in English literature.

Haydon was always in money difficulties, and they became increasingly more serious. In 1845 he made a last effort, planning to paint six pictures which should "illustrate the best government to regulate without cramping the liberties of mankind." He finished two of the six, "The Banishment of Aristides" and "Nero playing the lyre during the burning of Rome." These he exhibited in 1846, in the Egptian Hall. Elsewhere in the building, Tom Thumb, the illustrious dwarf, was on exhibition. Little things please little minds, and poor Haydon's vast canvasses were ignored. He closed his show with a loss of over £100, set to work on the third painting of his series, "King Alfred," but broke down, and committed suicide.

CUPID AND PSYCHE AND WORDSWORTH

ONCE as I was walking with Wordsworth in Pall Mall we ran into Christie's, where there was a very good

copy of the Transfiguration, which he abused through thick and thin. In the corner stood the group of Cupid and Psyche kissing. After looking some time he turned round to me with an expression I shall never forget, and said, "The Dev-ils!"

ONE OF HAYDON'S MODELS

His (C——'s) form was like Belzoni's, small hand, small head, large limbs, short body. As he leaned he rolled like the Theseus, bending from the navel, the sure characteristic of a fine form in the highest style.

He told me the whole story of his committal. He ran away with a Ward in Chancery. Lord Eldon said: "It was a shame men of low family should thus entrap ladies of birth."

"My lord," said C——, "my family are ancient and opulent, and were neither coalheavers nor coalheavers' nephews," in allusion to Lord Eldon's origin, for which Eldon committed him. Every apology was offered, but Eldon never forgave it.

Some years ago an attorney was enticed into the Bench, and nearly murdered by pumping. C—— to-night told me he was in bed at the time, but hearing the noise he slipped on his dressing-gown and went down. In the crowd and confusion he lost a red slipper; and this slipper being found the next morning, he was taken to the Marshal as one of the rioters, and imprisoned in the condemned cell at Horsemonger Lane. As he told me this he said with a terrific sneer: "There was I, sir, in bed when it began, innocent of the crime alleged, hurried off like a culprit to the condemned cell

of felons and murderers, on suspicion. I was imprisoned at first for telling an old tyrant who insulted my origin the truth, and now herded with reptiles for a crime I never committed. By G——, I never show my teeth till I can bite; but I'll bite yet." I shrank at this recital. He seemed changing his skin as he made it. I fear to let my family see him.

FAILURE OF HAYDON'S LAST EXHIBITION

April 2. Omens of failure in this exhibition.

1st. The cab-horse slipped on the wood, and tumbled.

2nd. To-day, in trying to put up Wordsworth, he tumbled, knocked down Lord Althorp, broke the frame and played the devil.

After this what success can come?

Do I believe this, or don't I? Half inclined.

April 13. They rush by thousands to see Tom Thumb. They push, they fight, they scream, they faint, they cry help and murder! and oh! and ah! They see my bills, my boards, my caravans, and don't read them. Their eyes are open, but their sense is shut. It is an insanity, a *rabies*, a madness, a *furor*, a dream.

I would not have believed it of the English people.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

(1770-1850)

This sonnet is on Carlyle's French Revolution, *and is interesting not only as showing Wordsworth's temper in old age, but also as an instance of how alarming a book, which later becomes a respectable classic, may seem on its first appearance.*

PORTENTOUS change when History can appear
As the cool Advocate of foul device;
Reckless audacity extol, and jeer
At consciences perplexed with scruples nice!
They who bewail not, must abhor, the sneer
Born of Conceit, Power's blind Idolater;
Or haply sprung from vaunting Cowardice
Betrayed by mockery of holy fear.
Hath it not long been said the wrath of man
Works not the righteousness of God? Oh bend
Bend, ye Perverse! to judgments from on High,
Laws that lay under Heaven's perpetual ban
All principles of action that transcend
The sacred limits of humanity.

CHARLES CAVENDISH GREVILLE

(1794-1865)

Greville, who was intimate with the most important statesmen of his time, the Duke of Wellington, Palmerston, Lord Clarendon, the Duke of Bedford, and many others, kept a diary for many years which he handed to Mr. Henry Reeve, for publication after his death.

Its value may be judged from the brilliant portraits, given here, of George IV, and the third Marquis of Hertford, who served as a model for Thackeray's Marquis of Steyne *and Disraeli's* Lord Monmouth.

ON RACING

RACING is just like dram-drinking, momentary excitement and wretched intervals, full consciousness of the mischievous effects of the habit and equal difficulty in abstaining from it. . . . A pretty sort of life! Very well for most of the fellows there (at the races) who live for nothing else, but for we who have tasted of better things it is too bad. . . . These are my holidays—exclusively devoted to the turf, passed in complete idleness, without ever looking into a book, or doing one useful or profitable thing, living with the merest wretches, whose sole and perpetual occupation it is, jockeys, trainers, betters, blacklegs, blackguards, people who do nothing but gamble, smoke, and talk everlastingly of horses and races. . . . I grow more and

more disgusted with the atmosphere of villainy I am forced to breathe . . . it is not easy to keep one's self undefiled. It is monstrous to see high bred and high born gentlemen of honoured names and families, themselves marching through the world with their heads in the air, "all honourable men," living in the best, the greatest and most refined society, mixed up in schemes which are neither more nor less than a system of plunder.

THE THIRD MARQUIS OF HERTFORD

As Lord Yarmouth he was known as a sharp, cunning, luxurious, avaricious man of the world, with some talent, the favourite of George IV (the worst of kings) when Lady Hertford, his mother, was that Prince's mistress. He was celebrated for his success at play, by which he supplied himself with the large sums of money required for his pleasures, and which his father had no inclination to give him, and the son had none to ask of him. He won largely, not by any cheating or unfairness, but coolness, calculation, always backing the best players, and getting the odds on his side. He was a *bon vivant*, and when young and gay his parties were agreeable, and he contributed his share to their hilarity. But after he became Lord Hertford and the possessor of an enormous property he was puffed up with vulgar pride, very unlike the real scion of a noble race; he loved nothing but full pomp and ceremony, and could only endure people who paid him court and homage. After a great deal of coarse and vulgar gallantry, generally purchased at a

high rate, he formed a connexion with Lady Strachan, which thenceforward determined all the habits of his life. She was a very infamous and shameless woman, and his love after some years was changed to hatred; and she, after getting very large sums out of him, married a Sicilian. But her children, three daughters, he in a manner adopted; though eventually all his partiality centred upon one, Charlotte by name, who married Count Zichy-Ferraris, a Hungarian nobleman. She continued to live with Hertford on and off, here and abroad, until his habits became in his last year so ostentatiously crapulous that her residence in his house, in England at least, ceased to be compatible with common decency. She was, however, here till within a week or ten days of his death, and her departure appears curiously enough to have led to the circumstances which immediately occasioned it. There has been, as far as I know, no example of undisguised debauchery exhibited to the world like that of Lord Hertford, and his age and infirmities rendered it at once the more remarkable and the more shocking. Between sixty and seventy years old, broken with various infirmities, and almost unintelligible from a paralysis of the tongue, he has been in the habit of travelling about with a company of prostitutes who formed his principal society, and by whom he was surrounded up to the moment of his death, generally picking them up from the dregs of that class, and changing them according to his fancy and caprice. Here he was to be seen driving about the town, and lifted by two footmen from his carriage into the

brothel, and he never seems to have thought it necessary to throw the slightest veil over the habits he pursued. For some months or weeks past he lived at Dorchester House, and the Zichys with him; but every day at a certain hour his women, who were quartered elsewhere, arrived, passed the greater part of the day, and one or other of them all the night in his room. He found the presence of the Countess Zichy troublesome and embarrassing to his pleasures, and he made her comprehend that her absence would not be disagreeable to him, and accordingly she went away. He had then been ill in bed for many days, but as soon as she was gone, as if to celebrate his liberation by a jubilee, he got up and posted with his seraglio to Richmond. No room was ready, no fire lit, nevertheless he chose to dine there amidst damp and cold, drank a quantity of champagne, came back chilled and exhausted, took to his bed, grew gradually worse, and in ten days died.

GEORGE IV AND HIS COURT

A MORE despicable scene cannot be exhibited than that which the interior of our Court presents—every base, low, and unmanly propensity, with selfishness, avarice and life of petty intrigue and mystery. . . .

A more contemptible, cowardly, selfish, unfeeling dog does not exist than this King, on whom such flattery is constantly lavished. He has a sort of capricious good-nature, arising however out of no good principle or good feeling, but which is of use to him, as it cancels in a moment and at small cost a long score

of misconduct. Princes have only to behave with common decency and prudence, and they are sure to be popular, for there is a great and general disposition to pay court to them. There have been good and wise kings, but not many of them. Take them one with another they are of an inferior character, and this I believe to be one of the worst of the kind. The littleness of his character prevents his displaying the dangerous faults that belong to great minds, but with vices and weaknesses of the lowest and most contemptible order it would be difficult to find a disposition more abundantly furnished.

LADY BULWER LYTTON

(1802-1882)

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON

(1803-1873)

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, later Lord Lytton, was, as the extracts given below show, unhappy in his marriage. Bulwer modelled himself on Byron, and was therefore precluded from being a satisfactory husband, even if his wife had been less difficult than she unquestionably was. "Their quarrels were followed by reconciliations and apologies," Lord Lytton writes, "but each one left a scar behind." Lady Bulwer resented the time Bulwer gave to his work, and his friendships with other women. In order to touch her husband, and keep him by her side, she used to foretell her early death, but the tenderness thus evoked in Sir Bulwer was in due course converted into exasperation at the non-fulfilment of the forecast. In 1836 there was a legal separation, and Lady Bulwer spent the rest of her long life raging against her husband, writing novels about him, and, on one occasion, as described below, driving him away from the platform during an election address.

Lady Bulwer quarrelled with her son, too, with whom she travelled in the Pyrenees, enjoying for a few weeks a happiness she never experienced before or since. At her

funeral he was represented by a solicitor. In her last years she lived at Upper Norwood, with a number of pet dogs. She was buried at Shirley in Surrey, and near to her grave on the vault of her friends, the Misses Dewey, was inscribed: "In the grave immediately to the west of this stone lie the remains of Rosina, Dowager Lady Lytton, widow of the first Baron Lytton, of Knebworth. 'The Lord shall give thee rest from thy sorrow, and from thy fear, and from the hard bondage wherein thou wast made to serve.' Isaiah xiv. 3."

Landor's outburst against Ben Jonson was transcribed by Lady Bulwer, who met Landor at Bath in 1839.

Lytton attracted abuse and invective from his fellow-writers, too: Thackeray, as a young man, was always making game of him; and Tennyson replied with the verses given below to a satire in which Bulwer had written

"Let school-miss Alfred vent her chaste delight
On 'darling little rooms so warm and light';
. . . The jingling medley of purloin'd conceits
Outbabying Wordsworth and outglittering Keats."

LEAVING A SCAR BEHIND

(*Narrated by Lady Bulwer Lytton*)

"UPON his asking me with whom I was going to the christening of Mr. Fonblanque's child that night, and I replying, 'with Lady Stepney,' he then repeated as fast as he could, a dozen times running, 'My mother calls her that ugly old woman!' He then called out,

'Do you hear me, Madam?' 'Of course, I hear you!' 'Then why the —— in —— don't you answer me?' 'I did not think it required an answer.' 'D—— your soul, Madam!' he exclaimed, seizing a carving-knife (for we were at dinner, and he had told the servants to leave the room till he rang), and rushing at me, cried, 'I'll have you to know that whenever *I* do you the honour of addressing you, it requires an answer.' I said, 'For God's sake, take care what you are about, Edward!' He then dropped the knife and, springing on me, made his great teeth meet in my cheek, and the blood spurted over me. The agony was so great that my screams brought the servants back, and presently Cresson, the cook, seized him by the collar, but he broke from him, and seizing one of the footman's hats in the hall, rushed down Piccadilly."

"SIR LIAR"

(*From a letter of Lady Bulwer's to A. E. Chalon*)

"REMEMBER that whatever I write to you or to anybody else about that Infernal Clique and its Triton of the Humbugs, Sir Liar, is *not* private and confidential but *public* and *diffusive*. In one of his letters to Messalina Blessington, where he so paternally and amiably alludes to having been to Brighton while his son was at school there, you must know that his son was *then* with me in Ireland and was not at school for three years after that. How much better his threatening letter to me will read in print, written before I published my first book, in which the following honourable and manly passage occurs: 'If you publish that or

any other book, Madam, *I will ruin you.* I'll say that you were my mistress, that you drink, you forge. Beware! I have not hitherto crossed your path—woe be to you whenever I do!' Don't you think Messalina Blessington had reason to talk of his noble mind and his deep feeling! . . . When I showed this noble letter to everyone—the only notice I took of it—the monster denied it upon *oath* (so he did being the author of *The New Timon*), and said it was a forgery of mine! but I have got the letter, postmark, frank and all, with all his other abominations of love (? !) and hate, and they shall not be printed but facsimiled."

FROM LADY BULWER LYTTON'S APPEAL TO THE JUSTICE AND CHARITY OF THE ENGLISH PUBLIC

(1857)

"THE ruinous climax of this conspiracy to suppress my only means of subsistence (her novels) necessitates my making ONE more appeal to the candour and conscience of the public. . . . Oh! women of England, in your happy homes—wives, mothers, and daughters —how would *you* feel, how would *you* act under similar outrages, if such should befall you? which God forbid! How would *you* like to have had your first child turned out of the house the moment it was born, with the summary announcement from your lord and master that 'he would not have your time and attention taken up with any d——d child'? And though in after-years a whole page in a stilted novel (vide *Zanoni*) might be devoted to blowing prismatic bubbles about the 'depth and purity of a father's love

for his first-born'—as a few natural feelings on *paper* entail neither trouble nor expense, but are, on the contrary, extremely lucrative—I doubt whether this public tribute would not in your hearts, as well as in mine, instead of atoning for have still further lacerated the wound caused by this brutal private fact. . . . Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton has circled my life with a snare, and crowned it with a curse; my miserable, lonely, laborious, and disinherited existence *he* has made ONE GREAT AGONY, composed of innumerable exquisite infinitesimal tortures. . . . 'But forgiveness?' I hear the word; I acknowledge the strong claim the Redeemer of the world has given it upon *every* erring heart. BUT DOES GOD HIMSELF FORGIVE TILL HIS FORGIVENESS IS ASKED? OR CAN EVEN HE BE APPEASED WITHOUT REPENTANCE AND CESSATION FROM SIN?"

LADY BULWER APPEALS TO THE ELECTORS OF HERTFORD

June 8, 1858

"THE moment I drove into the field the mob began to cheer; and even Sir Liar's two powdered flunkeys, and both his postilions, took off their hats and caps, and joined. I instantly alighted, and walked over calmly and deliberately to the hustings, just putting the crowd aside with my fan, and saying, 'My good people, make way for your member's wife.' They then began to cheer, and cry 'Silence for Lady Lytton!' Sir Liar's head fell *literally* as if he had been shot; Mrs. Clarke said she *never* saw such a thing in her life; he staggered against the post, and seemed not to have strength to

move. I then said, in a loud, calm, and stern voice, 'Sir Edward George Earle Bulwer Lytton, as I am not in the habit of stabbing in the back, it is to *you* in the first instance, that I address myself. In the step your cruelty and your meanness have driven me into taking this day, I wish you to hear every word I have to say; refute them if you can; deny them if you dare.' Then, turning to the crowd, I said, 'Men of Herts! if you have the hearts of men, hear me!' 'We will. God bless you! Speak out.' Here Sir Liar, with his hands before his face, made a rush from the hustings. The mob began to hiss, and cry 'Ah, coward! he's guilty; he dare not face her,' which *he* must have had the *pleasure* of hearing, for instead of attending the public breakfast in the Corn Exchange, he bolted from the town, and left them all in the lurch. . . . And when I described the manner in which my poor child's young heart had been broken, how she had been slaved to death over her quack of a father's German translations (he not knowing one word of German!), her scanty wardrobe, the wretched house in which she died, the poor boors gave me their tears, which I was more grateful to them for than for all their cheers. After a pause I rewhetted my razor. (Details of her financial distress follow.) 'Nevertheless, my good people, don't suppose that I have lightly or without first trying everything made a show of myself here to-day. Friends and foes have for the last year warned Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton not to drive me to this public exposure, but he preferred parting with his character to his money. Everyone knows that he has plenty of money, and scarcely

a shred of character; so that it was all the more generous of him to part to-day unreservedly with so small a supply.' (Roars of laughter.)"

LANDOR ON BEN JONSON

"During one of the sittings the artist happened to speak enthusiastically about some lines of Ben Jonson, whereupon Mr. Landor, who was seated at the time, bounded from his chair, and began pacing the room and shaking his tightly clenched hands as he thundered out 'Ben Jonson! Not another word about him! It makes my blood boil! I haven't patience to hear the fellow's name. A pigmy! an upstart! a presumptuous varlet who dared to be thought more of than Shakespeare was in his day!' 'But surely,' ventured the artist, 'that was not poor Ben Jonson's fault, but the fault of the undiscriminating generation in which they both lived.' 'Not at all!' roared Landor, his eyeballs becoming bloodshot and his nostrils dilating, 'not at all!' The fellow should have walled himself up in his own brick and mortar before he had connived at and allowed such sacrilege!' 'But,' said I—for the painter could not speak for laughter—'even if Ben Jonson had been able to achieve such a *tour de force*, I am very certain, Mr. Landor, that Shakespeare would have been the very first to pull down his friend's handiwork and restore him to the world.' 'No such thing!' rejoined Mr. Landor, turning fiercely upon me; 'Shakespeare never wasted his time; and, with his w*oo*nderful imagination, he'd have known he could have created fifty better.'"

THACKERAY ON LYTTON

"If he would but leave off scents for his handkerchief, and oil for his hair: if he would but confine himself to three clean shirts in a week, a couple of coats in a year, a beef-steak and onions for dinner, his beaker a pewter pot, his carpet a sanded floor, how much might be made of him even yet."

(From a review of Lytton's *Ernest Maltravers*.)

TENNYSON ON LYTTON

New Timon and the Poets

"We know him, out of Shakespeare's art,
And those fine curses which he spoke;
The old Timon, with his noble heart,
That, strongly loathing, greatly broke.

So died the Old: here comes the New—
Regard him: a familiar face:
I thought we knew him: What it's you,
The padded man—that wears the stays—

Who kill'd the girls and thrill'd the boys,
With dandy pathos when you wrote,
A Lion, you, that made a noise,
And shook a mane en papillotes.

. . . What profits now to understand
The merits of a spotless shirt—
A dapper boot—a little hand—
If half the little soul is dirt.

You talk of tinsel! why we see
The old mark of rouge upon your cheeks,
You prate of nature! You are he
That spilt his life about the cliques.

A TIMON you! Nay, nay for shame:
It looks too arrogant a jest.
That fierce old man—to take *his* name
You bandbox. Off and let him rest."

(From *Punch*, Feb. 28, 1846.)

From "After-thought"

(Published in *Punch* the following week)

". . . And I too talk and lose the touch
I talk of. Surely, after all,
The noblest answer unto such
Is kindly silence when they brawl."

SIR WILLIAM NAPIER

(1785-1860)

Invective from a soldier is rare, but Sir William Napier, the historian of the Peninsular War, and a brilliant soldier, was also an indefatigable controversialist, and a warm-hearted democrat. The extracts given below are from six letters he wrote "in vindication of the British Army, exposing the calumnies of the Liverpool Financial Reform Association."

THE LIVER-PUDDLE

1. *Notice.*

As no public measures founded on falsehood can ever benefit the working, or any other class of people, or indeed any persons save those who promulgate such falsehoods for their own private ends; these letters, exposing the malignant calumnies upon the army, published by President Gladstone and his Financial Reform Association, are offered to the public.

March, 1849.

2. *Postscript to Letter Three.*

SINCE writing the above I have seen Mr. Cobden's sneer at "Colonels who supply clothes and get the profits of tailors, and whom the soldiers would not

obey." I answer, that it is better than supplying falsehoods to get the profits of agitation; and most assuredly I would not recommend Mr. Cobden to try the force of his "unadorned eloquence" on the parade of the 27th Regiment in opposition to my orders.

3. *From Letter Four.*

THE Financial Reform Association has not retracted its calumnies, yet it is unable to defend them, for of the one effort made by President Gladstone, it may, in imitation of Thiers' maxim, "That the King reigns but does not govern," be said, "The President writes but does not answer." Potential of assertion he appears content to wallow in slander; but will those who work with the Association in sincerity of principle consent to be thus involved in secret unmanly support of injurious falsehoods? . . . Have those Financial Reformers who honestly seek the public good, considered how the Tract 4, has dishonourably committed them to slander, conveying insults the least offensive of which offered by one of them personally would have drawn down instant chastisement, where age and wounds had not bereft the insulted officer of power to inflict it. That foulness gentlemen should throw from them quickly, or there is no epithet of scorn and contumely inapplicable to them collectively and individually; and the spittle-mud of the *Daily News* will not hide the disgraceful stain.

. . . President Gladstone says—The Association "is well aware that *any title* which they may possess to public confidence must rest altogether upon *strict*

veracity and careful adherence to facts." It is clear, therefore, the President and his Association have no title whatever to the confidence of the public, and so I leave them to its contempt.

4. *From Letter Five.*

PRESIDENT GLADSTONE's letter in your journal of this day ends with a flourish, reminding me of the French caricature, wherein, a man being down and held by the throat, says to his adversary, "I forgive you, let this end." But, sir, I, having the President by the throat, mean, paradoxical and savage as it may seem, to choke him for the sake of morality.

5. *From Letter Six.*

IT may be superfluous further to notice the Liver-puddle and its solemn dingy goose; but many persons, while discarding with scorn their foul accusations, think the mode of clothing Regiments through the Colonels objectionable; and I desire to show that the men who established it understood their task, which was, to protect the public and the soldier from fraud and cupidity. . . . To return to the puddle and its goose. The false and ribald statements regarding my own and my brother's careers, contained in the seventh Tract of the Association, are as false and contemptible as the anonymous abusive letters with which the partisans of the Association have assailed me. But the reasoning of the Association comes simply to this: If I would acknowledge that myself and my brother

officers were justly charged with the vilest sordid frauds upon the soldiers, and gross violation of our duty to the Sovereign and to the public, then this Association and its President would receive me with open arms as a worthy coadjutor!

JOHN MITCHEL

(1815-1875)

John Mitchel, extracts from whose Jail Journal *are given here, was, after Parnell, perhaps the most interesting character in the Irish conflict with England during the nineteenth century.*

Carlyle, who met him in 1846, spoke of him as "a fine elastic-spirited young fellow, whom I grieved to see rushing on destruction palpable, by attack of windmills, but on whom all my persuasions were thrown away."

In 1848 Mitchel founded the "United Irishman" *in which he incited his fellow-countrymen to rebellion. He was arrested, and finally sentenced to transportation for fourteen years.*

In 1853 he escaped from Van Diemen's Land and made his way to San Francisco. He remained in America many years, and during the Civil War worked on behalf of the South. By temperament he was an aristocrat, and he believed in war and in slavery, an attitude which was incomprehensible to most Irish patriots, whose hatred of the English domination has usually inclined them to humanitarianism, and abstract sympathy with the under-dog.

Mitchel returned at last to Ireland, and died there in 1875. His mixed sympathies prevented him from being successful as a practical politician, but his love

of Ireland, marvellously expressed in his passionate regret as the ship bore him past the Wicklow mountains, and the sacrifice he made for his country remained a source of inspiration in her later struggles.

Mitchel is described as "tall and gaunt, his eyes gray and piercing, his expression of countenance self-contained, if not saturnine."

THE IRISH FAMINE OF 1846 AND ENGLISH "RELIEF"

At the end of six years, I can set these things down calmly; but to see them might have driven a wise man mad. There is no need to recount how the Assistant Barristers and Sheriffs, aided by the Police, tore down the roof-trees and ploughed up the hearths of village after village, how the farmers and their wives and little ones in wild dismay, trooped along the highways—how in some hamlets by the seaside, most of the inhabitants being already dead, an adventurous traveller would come upon some family eating a famished ass—how maniac mothers stowed away their dead children to be devoured at midnight—how Mr. Darcy of Clifden describes a humane gentleman going to a village near that place with some crackers (biscuits), and standing at the door of the house; "and when he threw the crackers to the children (for he was afraid to enter), the mother attempted to take them from them"—how husband and wife fought like wolves for the last morsel of food in the house; how families, when all was eaten and no hope left, took their last look at the Sun, built up their cottage doors, that none might see them die nor hear their groans, and were found

weeks afterwards, skeletons on their own hearths; how the "law" was vindicated all this while; how the Arms Bills were diligently put in force, and many examples were made; how starving wretches were transported for stealing vegetables by night; how overworked coroners declared they would hold no more inquests; how Americans sent corn, and the very Turks, yea, negro slaves, sent money for alms; which the British Government was not ashamed to administer to the "sister country"; and how, in every one of these years, '46, '47, and '48, Ireland was exporting to England, food to the value of fifteen million pounds sterling, and had on her own soil at each harvest, good and ample provision for double her own population, notwithstanding the potato blight.

To this condition had forty years of "moral and peaceful agitation" brought Ireland. The high aspirations after a national Senate and a national flag had sunk to a mere craving for food. And for food Ireland craved in vain.

DUBLIN CITY

May 27, 1848

(*The day of Mitchel's deportation as a convicted felon*)

. . . But the enterprize was great, and was needful. And I know that my wife and little ones shall not want. He that feedeth the young ravens—but then, indeed, as I remember, young ravens and other carrion-birds have been better fed in Ireland than the Christians, these latter years. . . . Dublin City, with its bay and

pleasant villas—city of bellowing slaves—villas of genteel dastards—lies now behind us, and the sun has set behind the blue peaks of Wicklow, as we steam past Bray Head, where the Vale of Shanganagh, sloping softly from the Golden Spurs, sends its bright river murmuring to the sea. And I am on the first stage of my way, faring to what regions of unknown horror? And may never, never—never more, O Ireland!—my mother and queen!—see vale, or hill, or murmuring stream of thine. . . .

MACAULAY

June 17.—Reading—for want of something better—Macaulay's *Essays*. He is an Edinburgh Reviewer this Macaulay; and, indeed, a type-reviewer—an authentic specimen-page of nineteenth century "literature." He has the right, omniscient tone, and air, and the true knack of administering reverential flattery to British civilization, British prowess, honour, enlightenment, and all that, especially to the great nineteenth century and its astounding civilization, that is, to his readers. It is altogether a new thing in the history of mankind, this triumphant glorification of a current century upon being the century it is. No former age, before Christ or after, ever took any pride in itself and sneered at the wisdom of its ancestors; and the new phenomenon indicates, I believe, not higher wisdom, but deeper stupidity. The nineteenth century is come, but not gone; and what now, if it should be, hereafter, memorable among centuries for something quite other than its wondrous enlightenment?

. . . As I am now about to retire a little while from the great business of this stirring age, to hide me, as it were, in a hole of the rock, while the loud-sounding century, with its steam-engines, printing-presses, and omniscient popular literature, flares and rushes roaring and gibbering by, I have a mind to set down a few of Macaulay's sentences, as a kind of land-marks, just to remind me where I and the world parted. . . .

The highest phase of human intellect and virtue is to be what this base spirit (Macaulay) calls a philanthropist—that is, one who by new inventions and comfortable contrivances, mitigates human suffering, heightens human pleasure. . . . Whatsoever things are snug, whatsoever things are influential—if there be any comfort, if there be any money, think on these things. . . .

WAR OR PEACEFUL AGITATION

A Dialogue between John Mitchel and his Doppelganger

(Jan. 16, 1849)

Ego: To uphold the stability of the grand central fraud, British policy must drain the blood and suck the marrow of all the nations it can fasten its desperate claws upon: and by the very nature of a bankrupt concern sustaining itself on false credit, its exertions must grow more desperate, its exactions more ruthless day by day, until the mighty smash come. The great British *Thing* cannot now do without any one of the usual sources of plunder. The British Empire could not now stand a week without India—could not breathe an hour without Ireland: the *Thing* has strained itself to such

a pass that the smallest jag will let the wind out of it, and then it must ignominiously collapse. Or you may call this abomination a pyramid balancing itself upon its apex—one happy kick on *any* side will turn it upside down. For ever blessed be the toe of that boot which shall administer the glorious kick!

Doppelganger: And must every new order of things in the revolutions of eternity be brought about only through a fierce paroxysm of war? Let your mind dwell for a minute on the real horrors of war.

Ego: Let your mind dwell a moment on the horrors of peaceful and constitutional famine, and tell me which is better, to pine and whiten helplessly into cold clay, passing slowly and painfully through the stages of hungry brute-ferocity—passionless, drivelling, slavering idiocy, and dim awful unconsciousness, the shadow-haunted confines of life and death, or to pour out your full soul in all its pride and might with a hot torrent of red raging blood—triumphant defiance in your eye, and an appeal to heaven's justice on your lips? Which? Nay, whether is it better that a thousand men perish in a nation by tame beggarly famine, or that fifty thousand fall in a just war? Which is the more hideous evil—three seasons of famine-slaughter in the midst of heaven's abundance, at the point of foreign bayonets, with all its train of debasing diseases and more debasing vices, or a thirty years' war to scourge the stranger from your soil, though it leave that soil a smoking wilderness?

Doppelganger: I cannot see the absolute necessity of either. Those good people may not be mere idiots,

after all, who look forward to the total cessation of war.

Ego: Give me none of your confounded cant about cessation of war. Nature has laws. Because the Irish have been taught peaceful agitation in their slavery, *therefore* they have been swept by a plague of hunger worse than many years of bloody fighting. Because they would not fight, they have been made to rot off the face of the earth, that so they might learn at last how deadly a sin is patience and perseverance under a stranger's yoke.

Doppelganger: Nature has laws; but you are not their infallible interpreter. Can you argue? Can you render a reason?

Ego: I never do. It is all assertion. I declaim vehemently; I dogmatise vigorously, but argue never. You have my thought. I don't want you to agree with me; you can take it or leave it.

Doppelganger: Satisfactory; but I find the Irish people draw quite a different moral lesson from late events. They are becoming, apparently, more moral and constitutional than ever; and O'Connell's son points to "Young Ireland," hunted, chained, condemned, transported, and says: "Behold the fate of those who would have made us depart from the legal and peaceful doctrines of the Liberator!" And they hearken to him.

Ego: And do you read Ireland's mind in the canting of O'Connell's son? Or in the sullen silence of a gagged and disarmed people? Tell me not of O'Connell's son. His father begat him in moral force, and in patience

and perseverance did his mother conceive him. I swear to you there are blood and brain in Ireland yet, as the world one day shall know. God! let me live to see it. On that great day of the Lord, when the kindred and tongues and nations of the old earth shall give their banners to the wind, let this poor carcase have but breath and strength enough to stand under Ireland's immortal green!

CARDINAL NEWMAN

(1801-1890)

The extract given below is from a lecture which Newman delivered at the London Oratory in reply to the anti-Catholic utterances of Dr. Achilli, an ex-Dominican friar, and Minister of the Gospel to the Italian Protestant Church in Golden Square.

The leader in the Times *says all that is necessary about Lord Campbell's misdirection of the jury, who found Newman guilty and fined him £100. The expenses incurred were £14,000. This sum was raised by public subscription; and there was a surplus that enabled Newman to buy a small property in the Lickey Hills, where he built a chapel, in the cemetery of which he was buried.*

The chief interest of this case is the evidence it affords of the violent anti-Catholic prejudice of the mid-Victorians.

THE HEEL OF ACHILLI

Ah! Dr. Achilli, I might have spoken of him last week, had time admitted of it. The Protestant world flocks to hear him, because he has something to tell of the Catholic Church. He has something to tell, it is true; he *has* a scandal to reveal, he *has* an argument to exhibit. It is a simple one, and a powerful one, as far

as it goes—and it is *one*. That one argument is himself; it is his presence which is the triumph of Protestants; it is the sight of him which is the Catholic's confusion. It is, indeed, our confusion, that our Holy Mother could have had a priest like him. He feels the force of the argument, and he shows himself to the multitude that is gazing on him. "Mothers of families," he seems to say, "gentle maidens, innocent children, look at me, for I am worth looking at. You do not see such a sight every day. Can any Church live over the imputation of such a production as I am? I have been a Roman priest and a hypocrite; I have been a profligate under a cowl; I am that Father Achilli, who, as early as 1826, was deprived of my faculty to lecture, for an offence which my superiors did their best to conceal; and who, in 1827, had already earned the reputation of a scandalous friar. I am that Achilli, who in the diocese of Viterbo, in February, 1831, robbed of her honour a young woman of eighteen; who in September, 1833, was found guilty of a second such crime, in the case of a person of twenty-eight; and who perpetrated a third in July, 1834, in the case of another aged twenty-four. I am he, who afterwards was found guilty of sins, similar or worse, in other towns of the neighbourhood. I am that son of St. Dominic who is known to have repeated the offence at Capua, in 1834 and 1835, and at Naples again in 1840, in the case of a child of fifteen. I am he who chose the sacristy of the church for one of these crimes, and Good Friday for another. Look on me, ye mothers of England, a confessor against Popery, for ye 'ne'er may look upon my like

again.' I am that veritable priest who, after all this, began to speak against, not only the Catholic faith, but the moral law, and perverted others by my teaching. I am the Cavaliere Achilli, who then went to Corfu, made the wife of a tailor faithless to her husband, and lived publicly and travelled about with the wife of a chorus singer. I am that professor in the Protestant college at Malta, who with two others was dismissed from my post for offences which the authorities could not get themselves to describe. And now attend to me, such as I am, and you shall see what you shall see about the barbarity and profligacy of the inquisitors of Rome." You speak truly, O Achilli, and we cannot answer you a word. You are a priest, you have been a friar; you are, it is undeniable, the scandal of Catholicism, and the palmary argument of Protestants, by your extraordinary depravity. You have been, it is true, a profligate, an unbeliever, and a hypocrite. Not many years passed of your conventual life, and you were never in choir, always in private houses, so that the laity observed you. You were deprived of your professorship, we own it; you were prohibited from preaching and hearing confessions; you were obliged to give hush-money to the father of one of your victims, as we learn from the official report of the police of Viterbo. You are reported in an official document of the Neapolitan police to be "known for habitual incontinency"; your name came before the civil tribunal at Corfu for your crime of adultery. You have put the crown on your offences by, as long as you could, denying them all; you have professed to seek

after truth, when you were ravening after sin. Yes, you are an incontrovertible proof that priests may fall and friars break their vows. You are your own witness; but while you *need* not go out of yourself for your argument, neither are you *able*. With you the argument begins; with you too it ends: the beginning and the ending you are both. When you have shown yourself, you have done your worst and your all: you are your best argument and your sole. Your witness against others is utterly invalidated by your witness against yourself. You leave your sting in the wound; you cannot lay the golden eggs, for you are already dead.

THE "TIMES" ON THE VERDICT

HAS the lapse of 170 years entirely removed us from those narrow prejudices and cruel partialities which in the days of the Popish plot poisoned the pure fountains of justice, and affixed an indelible stigma on the character of a nation not habitually unfair or inhuman? Will the opinion of the educated classes in this country, and of the great European community, ratify the verdict of a jury which absolved Dr. Achilli from every taint and stain, and seemed to aim at placing him on a higher pinnacle of moral purity than even he arrogated to himself. . . . ?

Dr. Newman undertook to prove certain acts of incontinence, and produced persons from a vast number of different places. . . . These witnesses did not break down, were not involved in any material contradiction, and stated nothing in which there was any strong antecedent improbability. . . . The police at Naples,

and the Inquisition at Rome, the Bishops' Court at Viterbo, and the Courts of Corfu—all seem to have had more or less to do with him (Dr. Achilli), and all for the same alleged propensity, and after a short residence in England we find a number of women ready to bring the same charges against him. Now stopped in a procession at Naples by a clamorous mother, now dogged at Corfu by a jealous tailor, now solemnly remonstrated with by members of his congregation on account of his maidservant, he is the most unfortunate of men if all these charges have been trumped up without substantial foundation. . . .

We wish we could conclude our observations on this case without saying anything calculated to imply a censure on the jury or the judge, under whose auspices they have, it seems to us, so signally miscarried. From the time when one of them objected to the exclusion of Dr. Achilli from the Court, and another to the searching and reasonable question as to his general chastity, which he did not find it expedient to answer, till the faltering announcement, preceded and followed by unchecked applause, that the justification was not proved to their satisfaction, there is every reason to think that the case was not viewed by the jury with complete impartiality and absence of sectarian feeling.

We have every respect for the high judicial character and attainments of Lord Campbell, and it is, therefore, with great regret we find him, in a case of so much delicacy and excitement . . . "thanking God" that "we have no Inquisition in this country"; and after he had

been sufficiently applauded, renewing the remark that he might be applauded again, and assuring the audience with grotesque solemnity, that by admitting this document (a copy of the proceedings of the Inquisition against Dr. Achilli) he did so without the slightest degree of danger to the Protestant religion of this country—a discovery which was received by the audience with a third round of cheers. We now take our leave of this painful subject, trusting we may not soon again be called upon to comment on proceedings so indecorous in their nature, so unsatisfactory in their result—so little calculated to increase the respect of the people for the administration of justice, or the estimation by foreign nations of the English name and character.

DR. LEES

In the extracts given here we are permitted a glimpse into the macabre underworld of mid-Victorian temperance reform. Dr. Lees was a Prohibitionist, the author of an essay which obtained the prize of one hundred guineas offered by the Council of the United Kingdom Alliance for the Legal Suppression of the Traffic in Intoxicating Drinks. "Total and immediate prohibition by law" was the object he and his colleagues of "The Alliance" worked for. Mr. J. Bartholomew Gough, on the other hand, believed in Moral Suasion, and lectured in this sense for the National Temperance League.

Mr. Gough had been a drunkard in his youth. Whether the moral suasion which he no doubt practised on himself entirely eradicated the drink habit in later years is a question which no one can now answer. Lord Campbell does not seem to have felt that Mr. Gough had any particular reason to be aggrieved at Dr. Lees' charges, and possibly he arrived at this conclusion after studying Mr. Gough's face in Court. Or he may simply have felt, and the easy casual wording of his direction to the jury supports this view, that persons engaged in temperance reform were not entitled to emerge into the upper world and claim the protection of laws framed for the benefit of human beings.

MID-VICTORIAN TEMPERANCE REFORMERS

1. *Dr. F. R. Lees to Mr. W. Wilson.*

MEANWOOD, CHRISTMAS, 1857.

DEAR SIR,—A happy new year to you all at Sherwood!

I have just returned from *Scotland* where I have met with several persons who can speak to a *fact* of which I was previously cognizant, that your friend "St. Bartholomew" has been often seen narcotically and helplessly *intoxicated*. I should have announced the fact before, of which I have distinct proof, but out of fear of injuring the cause and out of pity for the "Saint" himself, I forbore on receipt of his apology. But he has been sinning even *worse* than before, and his correspondence with Mr. Dexter (whom I have *already* exposed across the water, and shall still further), appears in the *monstrous lies* against the "Alliance" in a leading article of a Boston paper now before me (I post you *extracts*). His demoniac persecution of Sinclair is astounding. I will not say *not* Christian, but perfectly *infernal* . . . conduct more like fiends than men, and if these people *will fight* with such unholy weapons, they cannot hope that we will "remain" *for ever* silent. I WILL NOT; and if *Mr. Dexter* is not *instructed* to recall his article and apologise for it, and make the *amende* to poor Sinclair; my next letter to the States shall contain all the information I possess anent "Saint Bartholomew" himself, whom I believe to be as rank a hypocrite and as wicked a man as breathes in the Queen's dominions. . . .

2. *Mr. W. Wilson to Dr. F. R. Lees.*

January 2, 1858.

DEAR SIR,—I have received your letter dated Christmas by this morning's post. I am obliged by, and beg to reciprocate your seasonable good wishes.

The rest of your letter has caused me great perplexity and pain. . . . I should feel unworthy the name of man or friend, if I did not cling to hope while a ray of hope remained, or if I allowed the unfavourable statements of any single individual to produce at once an impression detrimental to the reputation and character of one I call my friend, and whose character and reputation may affect the progress of a great cause in which I feel deeply interested. . . .

3. *To Mr. W. Wilson from Mr. Charlton (a Quaker friend of Mr. Wilson's, to whom Mr. Wilson had applied for advice).*

January 4, 1858.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

It is clearly important to ascertain in the first place, and with the least possible loss of time, whether Dr. Lees' charge against Mr. Gough be true or false. If it be true, I presume that (even if Dr. Lees were to refrain from making it public) we should scarcely feel justified in continuing to give our countenance to J. B. Gough as a Temperance advocate. . . . Nothing that I know of will be gained by our meeting with S. Bowly until the facts are known as to Gough's getting "helplessly and narcotically intoxicated," and

that often. And those will be helping us all very greatly by pursuing this enquiry. . . .

4. *From Mr. J. B. Gough to Mr. W. Wilson, in reply to a letter begging for a denial of Dr. Lees' charges.*

January 5, 1858.

. . YOUR letter reached me just as I was going to a meeting. I have just returned, and am very weary. . . . I have borne patiently and silently a great deal for the past few months, but the cowardly and malicious attack on me in the letter you have received is rather more than I am called upon patiently to bear. I pronounce the charge of intoxication as a cowardly and unmitigated falsehood, whoever writes it. I pronounce the charge of having written to Mr. Dexter in America an unqualified falsehood.

5. *Dr. Lees' Allegations against Mr. J. B. Gough. Communicated to Mr. W. Wilson.*

January 8, 1858.

I MEAN that he is *often intoxicated*—not with alcohol, but other narcotics. I do not tell you of what I have heard, and which for long I struggled to *dis*believe, but of what I KNOW. I have *seen* him clearly intoxicated with some drug, and seen it more than *once*. I know also that he used to consume *tobacco* by chewing; for he once consulted me on the matter, partly to throw me off the true scent. I know a score of persons who have *seen him* in the same condition—some who have seen him helplessly, almost *idiotically* intoxicated. I know others who have seen him *insensible* in the streets of London—

"*nervous apoplexy*" called! Vomiting of matter with a *strong vegetable appleish odour* was among the symptoms; and I can, if necessary, tell you some shops where your informant *bought opium*. I do not care to tell you of his prevarication, of his mercenariness, his meanness, and his sponging; of his fondness for visiting styes (brothels) and low localities; for the *tastes of a lifetime* cannot be got rid of, or the marks of the Beast be easily eradicated. . . .

6.

A CRIMINAL Information against Dr. Lees was applied for in April, but was refused by Lord Campbell who said "he had no doubt Mr. Gough was a most respectable gentleman, and set a good example of Temperance; but he did not think the case was one which called for the interference of the Court. Dr. Lees did not appear to have been actuated by any malicious motive; and if being a zealous professor of the doctrines of Temperance, he had repeated unfounded rumours in a letter to a friend, that was no ground for the Court to interfere.

7.

A CIVIL action was therefore substituted for a criminal one. Dr. Lees' counsel withdrew all the charges against Mr. Gough, and Mr. Gough was awarded Five Guineas damages.

A CUMBRIAN

The following dialogue is entitled "The Evil and Sin of Unchastity: Discussed in a Dialogue between Mr. Goodman, a Schoolmaster, and Mr. Wainwright, a Farmer. By a Cumbrian. 1866."

The utilitarian basis of Victorian sex morality has never been more succinctly put than by Mr. Goodman in the sentence, "They (upper-class women) have the same passions as the females composing our rural populations, but they keep them under proper control, and careful culture has taught them the value of a spotless reputation; they are sure not to do anything that will deprive them of their good position. . . ."

LAXITY OF CUMBRIAN FEMALES

Mr. Goodman: Good morning, Mr. Wainwright. I have not had the pleasure of seeing you for a few days. I hope you are well?

Mr. Wainwright: Thank you, Mr. Goodman. So far as my health is concerned I have no reason to complain; but, previous to leaving home this morning, I heard something which has rather distressed me.

Mr. Goodman: I am sorry to hear that. Would it be impertinent on my part to ask, if the unpleasant news which you have heard relates to your business,

or has it any connexion with the members of your family?

(Mr. Wainwright explains that he, his family, and his business are all flourishing, but that Jane Smith, the daughter of James Smith, an honest labourer, has been betrayed by the assistant-steward of Mr. Williams of the Grange, on whose property James Smith is employed.)

Mr. Wainwright . . . I am sorry for him, and for his daughter too, poor thing! It is a sad downfall for her.

Mr. Goodman: If you mean, Mr. Wainwright, that you are sorry for her in having given way to temptation, sorry that she had no more regard for her good name, and the laws of God, than to trail the former through the mire, and trample upon the latter, I am with you, but beyond this I cannot go. Jane Smith has wilfully and openly sinned, and she must bear the punishment.

Mr. Wainwright: Don't you think you are speaking rather too harshly of this unfortunate girl, Mr. Goodman?

Mr. Goodman: Certainly not. I speak justly, and, when you call her unfortunate, you make use of a word which has no bearing upon her case. A young woman who gives the rein to an unholy passion is not "unfortunate" according to the proper acceptation of that term; she is simply guilty. The evil of unchastity is, I am sorry to say, taking a wider and deeper root among the humble class of our population, and it is fostered, I doubt not, by the indifference and apathy of those who, instead of raising their voices, and pro-

testing against it as a bane to the happiness of humanity and a sin in the sight of Heaven, look upon the woman who, with her eyes open, has wandered from the path of virtue as a victim, and the seducer, the brazen-faced trafficker in wrong, as neither more nor less than a giddy, thoughtless fellow. . . .

Society is, or ought to be, governed by a certain code of laws; and upon the question of unchastity these laws are clear and imperative. You seldom, if ever, hear of open and avowed unchastity among the women composing the upper ranks of society, and why? They have the same passions as the females composing our rural populations, but they keep them under proper control, and careful culture has taught them the value of a spotless reputation; they are sure not to do anything that will deprive them of their good position, and render them universally shunned and despised. . . .

Mr. Wainwright: I don't for a moment doubt that unchastity is a great evil, but I think you somewhat overrate its importance.

Mr. Goodman: Do I? . . . Visit the workhouses, where numbers of young women, in the prime of youth and vigour, bring poor children into the world who, from their birth, are doomed to go through life marked with the brand of illegitimacy. At the same receptacles for misery and destitution you will also find boys and girls deserted by those whose duty it is to care for them, left to the tender mercies of strangers, and supported, not by those upon whom they have a claim, but by the hard-working, honest portion of the

community who pay the rates. I will carry the case further. You shall visit some of our towns, walk through their streets at night, and you shall see a hideous, painted, mockery of humanity, ready to prostitute herself for money, and if you appeal to this living, breathing, walking horror, and others like her, and ask them, what made them the wrecks and ruins, the waifs and strays in the sea of human life, which they are, you will, in many cases, be told that the one false step reduced them, from the pride and glory of womanhood, to the frightful condition in which you behold them. . . .

Mr. Wainwright: . . . It seems to me you are reserving all your censure for the woman who happens to fall. Have you nothing to say concerning the men who reduce seduction to an art, and ruin females with as little compunction as they would destroy a reptile?

Mr. Goodman: Mr. Wainwright, known language is utterly insufficient to express the loathing, the contempt and disgust which I feel for the creatures of whom you speak. Men they don't deserve to be called; they are simply moral assassins, licensed butchers in the shambles of profligate love. During our conversation I have referred more particularly to females, because when they allow themselves to be deceived, they have the most to lose; they have to bear the brunt of the sin, and by far the largest part of the odium attaches to them. It is a pity that it should be so; and deeply do I regret the feeling that pervades our rural population generally with regard to the hypocrites who unblushingly plan seduction, and pride themselves upon its

accomplishment. . . . Those who move in their own sphere, instead of looking upon them as the very incarnation of all that is dastardly, mean, cowardly, and cruel, hesitate not to give them the right hand of fellowship. Why, you know as well as I can tell you, that there are some females with whom a man stands all the better for being the father of one or two illegitimate children, and they are attracted by him in the same way that mackerel are attracted by a scarlet rag. . . .

Mr. Wainwright: I must confess that the view you take with respect to the seducer is a just one; and I have no hesitation in saying, that on unchastity generally, your arguments have had the effect of changing my opinions on the subject.

Mr. Goodman: I am glad to hear you say so. I only wish that what I have said to you, could reach the hearts and ears of every man and woman in this lovely country of ours. . . . But the day is advancing, and I see that some of my boys have passed us on their way to school. Good morning, Mr. Wainwright.

Mr. Wainwright: Good morning, sir.

THE TRIAL OF THE MANNINGS

The Mannings were tried and found guilty, in October 1849, of the murder of Patrick O'Connor. The object of the murder was robbery. Mrs. Manning was Swiss by birth.

Charles Dickens' account of the execution appeared in a letter to the Times.

MRS. MANNING AFTER THE VERDICT

"THERE is no justice nor fair treatment for a foreign subject in this country. I have had no proper protection from the judges, or from the prosecutor, or from my husband. I am wrongly condemned. My solicitors should have called witnesses to prove that the shares were bought with my own money. I have lots of letters from Mr. O'Connor to show his regard for me. I think, too, that considering I am a woman and alone, and have had to fight against my husband's statements, as well as against the prosecution, and that even the judge himself is against me—well, I think that I am not being treated like a Christian, but like a wild beast of the forest. The judge and jury will have it on their consciences for giving a verdict against me. I am not guilty. I have lived in respectable families, and can produce testimonials of character. If my villain of a husband, through jealousy and revenge, chose to murder

poor Mr. O'Connor, I really don't see why I should be punished."

DURING THE PASSING OF THE SENTENCE

Mr. Justice Cresswell: George Frederick Manning and Maria Manning, you have been convicted of the crime of murder. . . .

Mrs. Manning: I have not been convicted, my lord. I will not stop here and let you say it. You ought all to be ashamed of yourselves.

AFTER THE SENTENCE

"BASE and shameful England! There is no justice in this country!"

CHARLES DICKENS ON THE EXECUTION

A SIGHT so inconceivably awful as the wickedness and levity of the immense crowd collected at the execution this morning could be imagined by no man, and presented by no heathen land under the sun. The horrors of the gibbet, and of the crime which brought the wretched murderers to it, faded in my mind before the atrocious bearing, looks, and language of the assembled spectators. When I came upon the scene at midnight, the shrillness of the cries and howls that were raised from time to time, denoting that they came from a concourse of boys and girls already assembled in the best places, made my blood run cold.

. . . When the day dawned, thieves, low prostitutes, ruffians, and vagabonds of every kind, flocked on to

the ground, with every variety of offensive and foul behaviour. Fightings, faintings, whistlings, imitations of Punch, brutal jokes, tumultuous demonstrations of indecent delight when swooning women were dragged out of the crowd by the police, with their dresses disordered, gave a new zest to the general entertainment. When the two miserable creatures who attracted all this ghastly sight were turned quivering into the air, there was no more thought that two immortal souls had gone to judgment, no more restraint in the previous obscenities than if the name of Christ had never been heard in this world.

. . . I am solemnly convinced that nothing that ingenuity could devise to be done in this city, in the same compass of time, could work such ruin as one public execution, and I stand astounded and appalled by the wickedness it exhibits. I do not believe that any community can prosper where such a scene of horror and demoralisation as was enacted this morning outside Horsemonger Lane Gaol is presented at the very doors of good citizens, and is passed by, unknown or forgotten. And when, in our prayers and thanksgivings for the seasons, we are humbly expressing before God our desire to remove the moral evils of the land, I would ask your readers to consider whether it is not a time to think of this one, and to root it out.

WILLIAM HARDMAN

(1828-1890)

Creatures as strange as the one described below still haunt the Reading Room *of the British Museum. The other day the editor of this anthology, while transcribing an extract it would be invidious to name, was overcome by drowsiness, and resting his elbow on the top of an adjacent chair fell asleep. He awoke with a jerk, to find the support of his elbow wrenched away, while a hoarse and senile voice roared: "Do you mind if I take this chair?" "No, if you don't tell the whole* Reading Room *about it" the editor replied, irritably. The old ruin, thereupon, pushed the chair to his desk, some yards away, took the chair which belonged to this desk, and brought it back to replace the one he had removed.*

On another occasion, the editor found himself opposite a bearded man with wild rolling eyes. By his side rested a top-hat. He was reading a book, and as he read groaned in agony. Every few minutes, unable to sustain his anguish any longer, he would rise to his feet, clap the top-hat on his head, and walk to and fro, till he was calm again. The book, the editor ascertained during one of the victim's constitutionals, was a late-Victorian romance, called A Love-Story of Lucknow.

IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM READING ROOM

THAT Reading Room is not only a place for study, but a study in itself: one sees such odd people there. There is one old fellow who has a habit, and a very unpleasant one it is, of sitting near us. He is small and lean and dirty. He comes about eleven o'clock and secures a compartment by depositing a very greasy alpaca overcoat on the back of the chair, and a hat, which has been worn all sides foremost until it is equally round and napless, on the table. He then produces a spectacle case of the most ancient manufacture which opens with a "pop," and laying the case beside his hat, he puts on a pair of spectacles coeval in make with their receptacle: a greasy band joins the extremities at the back of his head. Out of various pockets come packets of blackened and greasy papers, ostensibly for the purpose of taking notes. Having thus secured his place, and very secure it is, for no one would venture to touch the filthy objects he has laid down, he disappears for about two hours. I wondered at first what became of him, but I have since, when obliged to leave my seat to consult some book on the shelves, met with the old wretch in various parts of the room, on the tops of ladders and on the level of ordinary mortals, accumulating great volumes, one of which is always, for some inscrutable reason, a French dictionary. About one o'clock, laden with books, he returns with a severe air, heightened by an entire absence of teeth, shuffling along in his great down-at-heel shoes. He now settles himself to work, but a

sudden thought strikes him, and he recollects that it is time for lunch. Drawing forth a beastly pocket-handkerchief, he extricates from its nose-and-filth begrimed folds some fragments of bread and cheese. He whisks the wipe about for the time being with unnecessary vigour, scattering odours that are the reverse of balmy. Having munched his bread and cheese between his toothless gums until it is consumed, he sweeps the crumbs (with the wipe) into his hand and bolts them. Ablutions of a scanty character are then performed: that is to say, he spits on his grimy paws, and rubs the moistened parts with the wipe aforesaid. It is now half-past one, and he settles himself to his studies. The books are laid open, the dictionary occupying a prominent position, the spectacle glasses are rubbed with the wipe, and he begins. In five minutes he is asleep. . . . He sleeps until a few minutes to four, when our getting up to leave rouses him, and he prepares, without confusion, and with great dignity, to follow our example. This would be very comic if it were not for his extreme filth.

(From *A Mid-Victorian Pepys. The Letters and Memoirs of Sir W. Hardman:* edited by S. M. Ellis. Cecil Palmer.)

JOHN RUSKIN

(1819-1900)

The characteristically overcharged and hectoring letter given below was sold for a guinea by its recipient, and the guinea was paid in to the subscription on behalf of Duke Street Chapel.

LETTER FROM JOHN RUSKIN, ON AN APPLICATION BEING MADE TO HIM TO SUBSCRIBE TO PAY OFF THE DEBT UPON DUKE STREET CHAPEL, RICHMOND, SURREY

BRANTWOOD, 19*th May*, 1886.

SIR,

I am scornfully amused at your appeal to me, of all people in the world the precisely least likely to give you a farthing! My first word to all men and boys who care to hear me is "Don't get into debt. Starve and go to heaven—but don't borrow. Try first begging—I don't mind if it's really needful—stealing! But don't buy things you can't pay for!" And of all manner of debtors pious people building churches they can't pay for, are the most detestable nonsense to me. Can't you preach and pray behind the hedges—or in a sandpit—or a coalhole first? And of all manner of churches thus idiotically built, iron churches are the damnablest to me. And of all the sects and believers in any ruling spirit—Hindoos, Turks, Feather Idolaters,

and Mumbo Jumbo, Log and Fire Worshippers—who want churches, your modern English Evangelical sect is the most absurd, and entirely objectionable and unendurable to me!

All which they might very easily have found out from my books—any other sort of sect would!—before bothering me to write it to them. Ever, nevertheless, and in all this saying, your faithful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

THE PARNELL DIVORCE CASE

The passage given below is from Macaulay's Essay on Byron, *and is quoted here as all the preface necessary to the press and pulpit denunciations on the occasion of the Parnell-O'Shea divorce case, in 1890.*

BRITISH MORALITY

We know no spectacle so ridiculous as the British public in one of its periodical fits of morality. In general, elopements, divorces, and family quarrels, pass with little notice. We read the scandal, talk about it for a day, and forget it. But once in six or seven years our virtue becomes outrageous. We cannot suffer the laws of religion and decency to be violated. We must make a stand against vice. We must teach libertines that the English people appreciate the importance of domestic ties. Accordingly some unfortunate man, in no respect more depraved than hundreds whose offences have been treated with leniency, is singled out as an expiatory sacrifice. If he has children they are to be taken from him. If he has a profession, he is to be driven out of it. He is cut by the highest orders, and hissed by the lower. He is, in truth, a sort of whipping-boy, by whose vicarious agonies all the other transgressors of the same class are, it is supposed, sufficiently chastised. We reflect very com-

placently on our own severity, and compare with great pride the high standard of morals established in England with the Parisian laxity. At length our anger is satiated. Our victim is ruined and heart-broken. And our virtue goes quietly to sleep for seven years more.

THE MOST INFAMOUS ADULTERER OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

The Newcastle Daily Chronicle.

There has seldom been a case that has revealed more trickery, more moral callousness, and more falsehood. When a man betrays another's confidence, and carries into an otherwise contented and happy household trouble and misery, there is little consideration for him. The offender might get over a single lapse, or possibly a succession of lapses; but when the criminality is carried on deliberately and designedly for a number of years, it assumes unpardonable proportions. We regret to say this has been the course of Mr. Parnell's conduct.

The Christian Commonwealth.

Pure family life is essential to powerful national life. The desecrator of the home is the enemy of the people, whether he be a crowned monarch or an uncrowned king.

The Freeman (*Baptist*).

Public opinion revolts against the spectacle of a convicted adulterer leading a Parliamentary party. The Puritan element in Great Britain is very sensitive, it

shrinks from any leader whose private immorality has been established in an action for divorce.

The Independent.

We simply cannot accept as a national leader one whom the Law Courts of the nation have convicted of odious crimes.

The Methodist Times.

This man has been guilty of deadly sin, and no healthy and honest Christian could accept him as a leader. Mr. Parnell admits that he has been guilty of immorality of the grossest type. . . . If the Irish people deliberately accept such a man as their representative, they are morally unfit to enjoy the privilege of self-government. We do not for a moment believe that the Irish people will really degrade themselves at this momentous crisis. But if they took the unscrupulous and obscene advice which has been given them they would sacrifice the support of the most powerful section of the Liberal party, and the moral sympathy of the civilised world.

The Reverend Hugh Price Hughes at St. James' Hall, on Parnell.

"The most infamous adulterer of this century."

W. T. Stead on Parnell.

"Do you believe in Mr. Parnell?" is the question which will be asked on every hustings. And if there is not one solitary Englishman left among us, from Mr. Gladstone downwards, who could answer that

question in the affirmative, how dare we ask the nation to trust him in an affair involving the integrity and future prosperity of the realm?

W. T. Stead on Mrs. O'Shea.

"The wild and powerful legend (a legend from Norse mythology about a strange maiden named White Fell) tells that this fair creature could be transformed from the aspect as of a god, upright, free-handed, with brows and speech and laughter, into a palpably bestial brute, pawed, toothed, and shagged, and eared like the wolves of the fell, destined to bury its great black jowl in the bloody flank of the man whose lips had pressed the cheek of the transformed shape of this dreadful Thing. . . . Pleasant it is in the gloaming, when the rays from the fitful firelight gleam on the golden tresses of the fair white Thing that laughs and smiles and invites a long embrace; but it is not given to everyone to see the awful glee that lights the Were-Wolf's eyes, or to discern how soon from that soft clinging embrace will come a ghastly, deadly danger. . . .

Mrs. O'Shea is an ambitious woman, and it is believed that she counts upon becoming Mrs. Parnell. Had not the moral indignation of the British public exploded as it did she might have been the uncrowned Queen of Ireland, when adultery had been 'consecrated' by matrimony."

A. C. SWINBURNE

(1837-1890)

Swinburne was a vehement partisan. He saw everyone as either an enemy or as an ally in need of succour. Hence his invective was intensely personal.

Matthew Arnold, whose poetry Swinburne was the first to praise, later annoyed Swinburne by disparaging Shelley and Victor Hugo, and by praising Byron. After Arnold's death, his letters were published by G. W. Russell, who omitted to delete a reference to Swinburne as "a kind of pseudo-Shelley." Swinburne saw this reference and replied in the sentence given below. The reference to Byron and to Clough, Arnold's friend, both owe some of their sharpness to Swinburne's vexation with Arnold.

Andrew Lang annoyed Swinburne, who did not think a Scotchman entitled to patronise Dickens. Another Scotchman, Robertson Nicoll, defended Swinburne's attack on Lang. "Nothing," he wrote, "could be worse than Lang's introductions to Dickens. They almost deserve the tremendous trouncing they received from Mr. Swinburne."

Swinburne's remarks on George Eliot as a poet derived partly from a reasonable distaste for her poetry, and partly from an equally partisan preference for Emily and Charlotte Brontë.

That in the three extracts given below, and attached to the name of Bernard Shaw, Swinburne had Shaw in mind is certain. When Swinburne wrote these sentences, Shaw had been praising Ibsen for years, and attacking Shakespeare and the Elizabethans generally. There is no other journalist or critic of the 'nineties and the first decade of the twentieth century who combined admiration for Ibsen with contempt for Shakespeare.

The hit at Addington Symonds is more playful than censorious. Playfulness on such a subject as a respectable Victorian's enthusiasm over the beauty of Venetian gondoliers was rare in Swinburne's time.

For Carlyle, as for Arnold, Swinburne was enthusiastic in his youth, but Carlyle's increasing advocacy of force alienated Swinburne. The description of Carlyle as "a champion of slave-holding and slave-torture" refers to Carlyle's defence of Governor Eyre, who had suppressed a negro rising in Jamaica with great severity. John Stuart Mill, supported by Huxley, Thomas Hughes, and Herbert Spencer agitated for the prosecution of Eyre on a charge of murder. Carlyle, supported by Ruskin and Tennyson, formed a committee to defend Eyre. Eyre, we are told, maintained "a quiescent attitude" throughout, and died some thirty-five years later, at the ripe age of eighty-six.

In referring to Carlyle and his wife as "Thomas Cloacina and his Goody," Swinburne was no doubt thinking of Carlyle's "Diogenes Devilsdung"; but, if the anecdote is true, he must also have had in mind Carlyle's refusal to receive Swinburne, on the ground

that he did not wish to meet a person who was "sitting in a sewer and adding to it."

The attack on Wordsworth's tragedy "The Borderers" is interesting for several reasons. One motive for it was the desire to show that Wordsworth, when several years older than Shelley, had written something much more open to criticism, both on moral and intellectual grounds, than Shelley's early work. Further, Swinburne, who had been so savagely attacked for morbidity and sensuality, was delighted to show that the idols of his respectable critics, Wordsworth and Tennyson, were as open to condemnation as himself; Wordsworth in The Borderers, *and Tennyson in the* Idylls of the King. *But the most interesting thing about this attack on Wordsworth is the fact, unknown to Swinburne, that Wordsworth, when he wrote* The Borderers, *was feeling neither correct nor orthodox, having recently deserted Annette Vallon and the child she had borne him.*

*The last extract, from "*A Study," *has Froude for its victim, though Froude is not mentioned. Froude was obnoxious to Swinburne on many grounds, his treatment of Mary Queen of Scots, his period as a disciple of Newman, his later period as a disciple of Carlyle, and his academic enthusiasm for robust and simple men.*

Matthew Arnold:—A man whose main achievement in creative literature was to make himself by painful painstaking into a sort of pseudo-Wordsworth. . . .

Byron:—The most affected of sensualists and the most pretentious of profligates.

Arthur Clough:—Literary history will hardly care to remember or to register the fact that there was a bad poet named Clough, whom his friends found it useless to puff: for the public, if dull, has not quite such a skull as belongs to believers in Clough.

Andrew Lang:—The publishers of the beautiful and convenient Gadshill series are good enough to favour its purchasers with the prefatory importunities of a writer disentitled to express and disqualified to form an opinion on the work of an English humourist. The intrusive condescension or adulation of such a commentator was perhaps somewhat superfluous in front of the reprinted Waverley Novels; the offence becomes an outrage, the impertinence becomes impudence, when such rubbish is shot down before the doorstep of Charles Dickens.

George Eliot as poet:—Britomartis or Bradamante, on her most desperate and forlorn adventure, has a claim at least on the compassionate forbearance of every good knight-errant who may have ridden on the like or any such quest; and even the felon Sir Breuse Sans Pitié might be moved by some momentary throb of chivalrous condolence at the pitiful and unseemly spectacle of an Amazon thrown sprawling over the crupper of her spavined and spur-galled Pegasus.

Bernard Shaw:—1. The reviler of Shakespeare can be no other than a scurrilous buffoon, "a decent priest where monkeys are the gods," and where Ibsen is the idol.

2. Shakespeare and Marlowe to the vile seem vile:
   Filths savour but themselves.

Themselves, that is, and their Ibsens. "Like lips, like lettuce."

3. That a Jephson or a Tate, a Cibber or an Ibsen, should for a moment be compared or preferred to Shakespeare by any howling dervish or laughing jackass of criticism is a matter of no moment.

John Addington Symonds:—The Platonic amorist of blue-breeched gondoliers who is now in Aretino's bosom.

Carlyle:—The immaculate Calvinism of so fiery and so forcible a champion of slave-holding and slave-torture as Mr. Carlyle.

Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle:—That very sorry pair of phenomena, Thomas Cloacina and his Goody.

Dante's "Inferno":—Immeasurably beyond contemplation of any Christian poet's capacity is the awfulness of evil and expiation, as symbolised in the Sophoclean grove of the Furies. The perpetuation of the infinitely little for a perpetuity of infinitely mean suffering, the degradation of eternity by the eternity of degradation, in brutal and obscene horror of abject wickedness and abject anguish, is a conception below the serious acceptance of the ancient or the modern mind—fit only for the dead and malodorous level of mediaeval faith.

Wordsworth's "The Borderers":—A tragedy to which perhaps somewhat less than justice has been done on

the score of literary power, but which, in the moral conception and development of its leading idea, is, I suppose, unparalleled by any serious production of the human intellect for morbid and monstrous extravagance of horrible impossibility.

. . . This is the story: a virtuous young man, misguided by false information, has been led into the folly of committing a peculiarly cruel and cold-blooded murder on the person of an innocent friend. The virtuous young man, on discovering his regrettable error, is for a time, not unnaturally, dejected and despondent: but a sudden and a happy thought crosses his mind: he will seek out some younger and yet more virtuous man, and induce him by similar misrepresentations to commit a yet more cruel and a yet more cold-blooded murder on the person of some yet more unoffending victim than his own: and then there will be two of them, in Mr. Pecksniff's moving phrase, to walk the world together. This brilliant idea is as happily carried into execution as it was ingeniously conceived: the second young man is induced, by a judicious appeal to the finest emotions of his moral nature, to murder the blind old father of his betrothed bride by leaving him to die of exposure and starvation in a moorland wilderness. Now I will not ask whether or not this is a probable or a pleasing or a proper subject for tragic poetry: but from the purely ethical or moral point of view I should really be curious to see its parallel, in any branch of any literature, as a sample of the monstrous and the morbid. . . . None but a very rash and very ignorant partisan will venture to deny

that if this burlesque experiment in unnatural horror had been attempted by any poet of less orthodox and correct reputation in ethics and theology than Wordsworth's, the general verdict of critical morality would almost certainly have described it and dismissed it as the dream of a probably incurable and possibly a criminal lunatic.

Froude:—

First in manure of hot religions hatched,
And fattening on the titbits that he snatched—
Then with gorge heaving at the daily cram,
And dreaming he had soul enough to damn,
The hybrid, fit for neither man nor priest,
Skulked into light, a ruminative beast.
With foul mouth mincing at the skirts of sin,
With dubious nose and academic chin,
Fetid and flatulent, he snuffed and sipped,
Lapped at thought's stagnant pools, but rose dry-lipped;
With shreds of doctrine delicately sliced,
For tender thinkers served up half a Christ.
. . . Then, girt to run by some new prophet's wheels,
He braced the spur on virtue's booted heels;
And faith's lost lamb, returning, fell to fawn
On massy-muscled saint of beer and brawn.
He changed the whine of dolorous disbelief,
To hymn the fat moralities of beef. . . .

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

(1856-)

The following opinions on the Elizabethan dramatists seem to derive, apart from a certain amount of actual conviction in them, partly from Mr. Shaw's desire to clear the way for Ibsen and himself, and partly from exasperation with Swinburne's dithyrambics over Webster, Marlowe and the rest.

BLATHER, BLOOD, AND BALDERDASH

1. *From the Preface to The Admirable Bashville:—*

Webster's speciality was blood: Chapman's balderdash. . . . It is possible, and even usual, for men professing to have ears and a sense of poetry to snub Peele and Greene and grovel before Fletcher and Webster—Fletcher! a facile blank-verse penny-a-liner: Webster! a turgid paper cut-throat. The subject is one which I really cannot pursue without intemperance of language. The man who thinks *The Duchess of Malfi* better than *David and Bethsabe* is outside the pale, not merely of literature, but almost of humanity.

Yet some of the worst of these post-Shakespearean duffers, from Jonson to Heywood, suddenly became poets when they turned from the big drum of pseudo-Shakespearean drama to the pipe and tabor of the masque, exactly as Shakespeare himself recovered the

old charm of the rigmarole when he turned from Prospero to Ariel and Caliban. Cyril Tourneur and Heywood could certainly have produced very pretty rigmarole plays if they had begun where Shakespeare began, instead of trying to begin where he left off. Jonson and Beaumont would very likely have done themselves credit on the same terms: Marston would have had at least a chance. . . . Webster could have done no good anyhow or anywhere: the man was a fool. And Chapman would always have been a blathering unreadable pedant, like Landor. . . .

2. *From Dramatic Opinions and Essays:—*

He (Marlowe) is the true Elizabethan blank-verse beast, itching to frighten other people with the superstitious terrors and cruelties in which he does not himself believe, and wallowing in blood, violence, muscularity of expression and strenuous animal passion as only literary men do when they become thoroughly depraved by solitary work, sedentary cowardice, and starvation of the sympathetic centres. It is not surprising to learn that Marlowe was stabbed in a tavern brawl: what would be utterly unbelievable would be his having succeeded in stabbing anyone else. On paper the whole obscene crew of these blank-verse rhetoricians could out-dare Lucifer himself: Nature can produce no murderer cruel enough for Webster, nor any hero bully enough for Chapman, devout disciples, both of them, of Kit Marlowe. But you do not believe in their martial ardour as you believe in the valor of Sidney or Cervantes. One calls the Elizabethan

dramatists imaginative, as one might say the same of a man in delirium tremens; but even that flatters them; for whereas the drinker can imagine rats and snakes and beetles which have some sort of resemblance to real ones, your typical Elizabethan heroes of the mighty line, having neither the eyes to see anything real nor the brains to observe it, could no more conceive a natural or convincing stage figure than a blind man can conceive a rainbow or a deaf one the sound of an orchestra. Such successes as they have had is the success which any fluent braggart and liar may secure in a pothouse.

. . . I am quite aware that they did not get their reputations for nothing; that there were degrees of badness among them; that Greene was really amusing, Marston spirited and silly-clever, Cyril Tourneur able to string together lines of which any couple picked out and quoted separately might pass as a fragment of a real organic poem, and so on. Even the brutish pedant Jonson was not heartless, and could turn out prettily affectionate verses and foolishly affectionate criticisms; whilst the plausible firm of Beaumont and Fletcher, humbugs as they were, could produce plays which were, all things considered, not worse than "The Lady of Lyons." But these distinctions are not worth making now. There is much variety in a dust-heap, even when the rag-picker is done with it; but we throw it indiscriminately into the "destructor" for all that.

ROBERT BROWNING

(1812-1889)

Browning's defence of his Sonnet to FitzGerald is set forth in the letters he wrote to his son, extracts from which are given below. The sonnet was dashed off by Browning on seeing the offending passage about Mrs. Browning quoted in a review. After he had sent the sonnet to the Athenaeum, *it suddenly occurred to Browning that FitzGerald's remark might have been made in a letter to Tennyson, whose "adulatory lickspittle," in Browning's phrase to his son, FitzGerald had always been. To his great relief, on investigating the matter, Browning ascertained that Tennyson was not the recipient of this letter. He appears, however, to have still been uneasy about the effect on Tennyson of this violent attack on a man, now dead, who had been one of Tennyson's closest friends. His fear that Tennyson might resent this crude and rancorous assault on FitzGerald, a man of the gentlest temper, was completely allayed when Tennyson wrote to acknowledge a letter Browning sent him on his eightieth birthday. Tennyson's acknowledgment was in the most effusive terms, and Browning at once wrote in exultation to his son, saying, "I want you to know that Tennyson is not the man to sympathise with a poor creature like FitzGerald, whom I punished no more than he deserved, heartily wishing that he were alive in the*

body, not, for the first time, alive in his words which only now go forth to the world."

The only excuse for Browning's sonnet would have been an uncalculating frenzy. We see, however, from his letter to his son that Browning was as anxious not to imperil his relations with his famous living rival as he was prompt to assault the dead.

EDWARD FITZGERALD ON E. B. BROWNING

"MRS. BROWNING'S death is rather a relief to me, I must say. No more Aurora Leighs, thank God! A woman of real genius, I know; but what is the upshot of it all? She and her sex had better mind the kitchen and the children; and perhaps the poor. Except in such things as little novels, they only devote themselves to what men do much better, leaving that which men do worse or not at all."

(From *The Life and Letters of Edmund Fitz-Gerald.* Edited by Aldis Wright.)

TO EDWARD FITZGERALD

I CHANCED upon a new book yesterday:
I opened it, and, where my finger lay
'Twixt page and uncut page, these words I read
—Some six or seven at most—and learned thereby
That you, FitzGerald, whom by ear and eye
She never knew, "thanked God my wife was dead."

Ay, dead! and were yourself alive, good Fitz,
How to return you thanks would task my wits:
Kicking you seems the lot of common curs—

While more appropriate greeting lends you grace:
Surely to spit there glorifies your face—
Spitting—from lips once sanctified by Hers.
(Sonnet by Robert Browning in *The Athenaeum*,
July 13, 1889.)

LETTER I

29 De Vere Gardens,
London, W., *July 13th*, 1889.

Dearest Son,

With this you will get to-day's *Athenaeum*, and see what I have said in reply to FitzGerald's brutality. I opened the book, at just this place, as I have said. There was more abuse of *Aurora Leigh* and women-writers generally, but *that* he had a right to say, and take the consequences of being a fool or worse; but the shocking notion of thanking God for the death of a person who never saw him (as was only the case with me, a few years ago), *this* was unbearable, and I was not going to let the people who are reading the book suppose for a moment that I am inclined to let such a ruffian insult the dead with impunity. The main thing will be to get the Editor, Aldis Wright, duly blamed for his stupidity—which is inconceivable—in letting such a blackguardism pass, when he could have simply dropped it out and done harm to nobody, least of all to the Irish fribble and "feather-head," as his own friends allowed him to be. . . . I shall not look at the book again. In all likelihood he has delivered himself of the usual impertinences about *me*, and if

that is the case I should be sorry to even seem in the least moved by any other than contempt for the poor envious creature, and might wish I had let him alone, as the more dignified way. . . .

I shall now try and forget it all, having really been the worse, physically, for this outrage.

LETTER II

July 17th.

"You are wrong in supposing that such expressions as that of FitzGerald 'recoil' sufficiently on those who use them . . . and 'contempt' is not exactly applicable to a man of such wide and high reputation as FitzGerald. . . . The praise of the book (*Life of FitzGerald*) was unbounded in the papers, nobody thinking it worth while to say a word about FitzGerald's little slip of the tongue or his editor's trifling mistake in printing it, and here was a piece of brutality to go on circulating without the least objection from anybody. . . . But I said a little of my mind, and there it will remain—I expect as long as FitzGerald's recorded 'relief'—the blackguard. I have inspected the book since. *My* name only occurs once in it, he calls me a 'great man' . . ."

J. M. WHISTLER

(1834-1903)

Below are given extracts from the Life of Whistler *by the Pennells; and also the passage from Swinburne's article in the* Fortnightly, *which led to the breach between Swinburne and Whistler. Swinburne misinterpreted Whistler rather strangely. Whistler had written "Art and Joy go together," meaning that even if the subject were tragic, the working out of it would be a source of joy to the artist. Swinburne, however, understood Whistler's aphorism to exclude tragic material as a fit subject for art.*

SWINBURNE ON WHISTLER

(*Fortnightly Review*, June, 1888)

"'ARTER that, let's have a glass of wine,' said a famous countryman of Mr. Whistler's, on the memorable occasion when he was impelled to address his friend Mr. Brick in the immortal words, 'Keep cool, Jefferson, don't bust.' The admonition may not improbably be required by the majority of readers who come suddenly and unawares upon this transcendent and pyramidal pleasantry. The laughing muse of the lecturer, 'quum Jocus circumvolat,' must have glanced round in expectation of the general appeal, 'After that, let us

take breath.' And having done so, they must have remembered that they were not in a serious world; that they were in the fairyland of fans, in the paradise of pipkins, in the limbo of blue china, screens, pots, plates, jars, joss-houses, and all the fortuitous frippery of Fusiyama."

WHISTLER ON SWINBURNE

(*Letter to* The World: "*Freeing a Last Friend*)

"THANK you, my dear! I have lost a *confrère*; but then, I have gained an acquaintance—one Algernon Swinburne—'outsider'—Putney."

From The Gentle Art of Making Enemies. "*Et tu, Brute*")

". . . Cannot the man who wrote *Atalanta*, and the *Ballads Beautiful*—can he not be content to spend his life with *his* work, which should be his love, and has for him no misleading doubt and darkness, that he should so stray about blindly in his brother's flower beds and bruise himself! . . .

Who are you deserting your House, that you should insult my Goddess with familiarity, and the manners of approach common to the reasoners in the market-place. 'Hearken to me,' you cry, 'and I will point out how this man, who has passed his life in her worship, is a tumbler and a clown of the booths, how he who has produced that which I fain must acknowledge, is a jester in the ring!'

Do we not speak the same language? Are we strangers, then, or, in our Father's house are there so

many mansions that you lose your way, my brother, and cannot recognise your kin? . . ."

WHISTLER ON ENGLAND

(*From the* Life *by E. R. and J. Pennell*)

1. *The Boer War:*

"If he (Whistler) had a sympathetic audience, he went over and over the incidents of the struggle; the wonder of the despatches; Lord Roberts' explanation that all would have gone well with the Suffolks on a certain occasion if they had not had a panic; General Buller's announcement that he had made the enemy respect his rear. When he was told of despatches stating that Buller, on one occasion, had retired without losing a man, or a flag, or a cannon, he added, 'Yes, or a minute.' He repeated the answer of a man at a lecture, who, when the lecturer declared that the cream of the British army had gone to South Africa, called out, 'Whipped cream.' The blunderings and the surrenderings gave Whistler malicious joy, and he declared that as soon as the British soldier found he was no longer in a majority of two to one, he threw up the sponge or dropped the gun."

2. *Whistler on the Englishman's Tub:*

"Paris is full of baths and always has been; you can see them, beautiful Louis XV and Louis XVI baths on the Seine; in London, until a few years ago, there were none except in Argyll Street, to which Britons came with a furtive air, afraid of being caught. And the

French, having the habit of the bath, think and say nothing of it, while the British—well, they're so astonished now they have learned to bathe, they can't talk of anything but their tub."

OUIDA

(1839-1908)

Ouida in her later writings was a vehement controversialist, generally acute and sensitive, but, as in her novels, never able to refrain from repeating herself. The gist of her remarks on Vivisection and The New Woman are contained in the comparatively brief extracts given below.

Ouida's New Woman, who is now a grandmother, seems to be exactly like the New Woman of 1930.

On Vivisection Ouida agrees with Shakespeare and Bernard Shaw. Shakespeare in Cymbeline *makes the wicked Queen say—*

> *"I will try the forces*
> *Of these thy compounds on such creatures as*
> *We count not worth the hanging."*

The doctor replies:

> *"Your highness*
> *Shall from this practice but make hard your heart."*

Mr. Shaw, in the preface to the Doctor's Dilemma, *writes: "Take the hackneyed case of the Italian who tortured mice, ostensibly to find out about the effects of pain rather less than the nearest dentist could have told him, and who boasted of the ecstatic sensations (he actually used the word love) with which he carried out*

his experiments. Or the gentleman who starved sixty dogs to death to establish the fact that a dog deprived of food gets progressively lighter and weaker, becoming remarkably emaciated, and finally dying. . . . The Italian is diagnosed as a cruel voluptuary: the dog-starver is passed over as such a hopeless fool that it is impossible to take any interest in him."

VIVISECTION

In the various demands made in the English Press of late, by physiologists, for the free acceptance of what is called vivisection, as practised by themselves, no feature is more conspicuous than the utter absence of any expression of sorrow that such methods are necessary; or any suggestion that the right to torture, if a right, is to be claimed with apology and regret. . . . Given that the incessant and excruciating torture of millions of animals is absolutely necessary for the pursuit and development of knowledge, this might at least be regarded by the scientist himself, as a hideous necessity. But there is no such note perceptible in any one of the many essays in favour of experiment on living bodies which have been recently so liberally poured forth in magazines and other literary organs.

. . . Think of a practical physiologist, rising every day and going to the same hideous employment with the morning light, keeping the tortured and mutilated creatures beside him week after week, month after month, refusing them even the comfort of a drop of water, if thirst will increase the "interest" of his ex-

periment; think of him, eating and drinking, jesting and love-making, filling his belly and indulging his desires, then returning to his laboratory to devise and execute fresh tortures, his hands steeped in blood, his eyes greedily watching the throes he stimulates.

. . . How long will the laboratory wait for the human body? . . . Science has declared that man is but a beast which perishes; the superiority once claimed by humanity as having been made in the likeness of Deity cannot be put forward by a world which has long been taught by science to see itself as a mere accidental congregation of atoms. Why shall not the physiologist claim the cripple, the mute, the idiot, the convict, the pauper, to enhance the "interest" of his experiments? . . . The most intricate social problems wait unsolved; political economy remains merely a name; all the revolutions and reasonings of mankind have failed to produce any even balance of property or any just division of pleasure; drink, vice, dirt, prostitution, hunger, and unnatural crimes work their wholesale ruin amidst the millions of miserable creatures who crowd together in all the cities of the world: yet the scientists think that the whole key of study and knowledge lies in a rabbit's rectum or a dog's pancreas, and turn their backs and close their sight to the frightful needs of the nations, which draw with every hour nearer to communism and chaos, whilst these "helpers of humanity" watch with "*freudige Aufregung*"[1] the piteous struggles of a puppy whose eyes they have put out by hot irons, or gaze "*con molto amore e*

[1] From the *Methodik* of Cyon, a German physiologist.

pazienza"[1] on the guinea-pig which they have larded with nails.

THE NEW WOMAN (1894)

SHE cannot clothe herself with commonsense or common grace, she cannot resist the dictates of tailors and the example of princesses; she cannot resist the squaw-like preference for animals' skins, and slaughtered birds, and tufts torn out of the living and bleeding creature; she cannot show to any advantage the natural lines of her form, but disguises them as grotesquely as mantua-makers bid her to do. She cannot go into the country without making herself a caricature of man, in coat and waistcoat and gaiters; she apes all his absurdities, she emulates all his cruelties and follies; she wears his ugly pot hats, his silly, stiff collars; she copies his inane club-life and then tells us that this parody, incapable of initiative, base of taste and destitute of common sense, is worthy to be enthroned as the supreme teacher of the world!

. . . The New Woman reminds me of an agriculturalist who, discarding a fine farm of his own, and leaving it to nettles, stones, thistles and wire-worms, should spend his whole time in demanding neighbouring fields which are not his. . . .

So long as she goes to see one of her own sex dancing in a lion's den, the lions being meanwhile terrorised by a male brute; so long as she wears dead birds as millinery and dead seals as coats, so long as she goes to races, steeplechases, coursing and pigeon

[1] From the *Fisiologia del Dolore* of Mantegazza, an Italian physiologist.

matches; so long as she "walks with the guns"; so long as she goes to see an American lashing horses to death in idiotic contest with velocipedes, so long as she curtsies before princes and emperors who reward the winners of distance-rides; so long as she receives physiologists in her drawing-rooms, and trusts to them in her maladies; so long as she invades literature without culture and art without talent; so long as she orders her court-dress in a hurry, regardless of the strain thus placed on the poor seamstresses; so long as she makes no attempt to interest herself in her servants, in her animals, in the poor slaves of her tradespeople; so long as she shows herself, as she does at present, without scruple at every brutal and debasing spectacle which is considered fashionable; so long as she understands nothing of the beauty of meditation, of solitude, of Nature; so long as she is utterly incapable of keeping her sons out of the shambles of modern sport, and lifting her daughters above the pestilent miasma of modern society; so long as she is what she is in the worlds subject to her, she has no possible title or capacity to demand the plea or the privilege of man, for she shows herself incapable of turning to profit her own place and her own privilege.

AMANDA ROS

Miss Amanda Ros, author of Irene Iddesleigh, Delina Delaney, *and other romances, was criticised by the late Barry Pain in an article in* Black and White, *February 19, 1898.*

In the introduction to Delina Delaney, *Miss Ros replied to Barry Pain. Extracts from this reply are given below. It is an avalanche which overwhelms grammar, the English language, logic, intelligibility; in short everything except Barry Pain.*

A few extracts from Delina Delaney *will be of interest as showing Miss Ros in her creative moments—*

"Totally overcome at the force of the woman's words, he replied: 'I can scarcely credit that this corpse is that of Ladie Mattie Maynard, my cousin, unless I am further convinced!'

Moving over to the bedside of death, he asked the doctor to uncover her neck. On its left side lay a round dark mark he chanced to observe while she resided at Columba Castle, and ordering her right foot to be likewise shown him, he exclaimed:

'Oh God, it is true! This is my cousin, Lady Mattie Maynard! She had six toes on her right foot!' "

Delina herself is unjustly imprisoned. Her lover visits her, and we read: "'O Delina! Delina, my darling!' screamed Lord Gifford, unable any longer to brave suspension."

Though suffering from cataract, Delina recognises him and embraces him "damping his silken breast with large round tears." Then the Governor enters, with an order for her release, and "failed not to exhibit strong signs of overwhelming passion as he spoke in trembling accents."

MISS ROS REPLIES TO BARRY PAIN

. . . MIGHT I tell my readers, in a secret, that the whole thing came on me like a sudden attack of nightmare, never dreaming of its visitation, never dreaming that it was the rule in the grammar of genius-scathers (if grammar there be) to offer one's services where they really are not wanted—to offer one's opinions on a work not sent him by the most trivial publisher or pauper owner of a second-hand bookstall, never speak of the author. However, it must be an established rule, since Barry Pain adopts it. Honour, therefore, must be a deceased exception to this rule, since Barry doesn't tie himself with its strings, nor evidently doesn't believe such an exception as honour exists, or ever existed! He believes in submitting for public inspection anything and everything he gets hold of (never mind the honour) from friend or foe, to warrant his worth—his great self-conceited worth—in the eyes of some, to afford a laugh to many, a pang to few.

. . . This so-called Barry Pain, by name, has taken upon himself to criticise a work the depth of which fails to reach the solving power of his borrow'd, and, he'd have you believe, varied talent.

And, for the simple reason of his gross inability to grasp the nature of *Irene Iddlesleigh*, he flies in the face of the most paltry of its sentences, tearing them up with a vengeance descriptive only of a rival; dwelling in a racy manner on their worth, of which he seems digestibly ignorant. Mind you it is Barry Pain of whom I speak. So don't be deceived—Barry Pain, the crack critic, whose unbounded, illimitable talent is so often depicted on a page of *Black and White*—nothing more elaborate, but just *Black and White*. Altogether too dull a name to hold within its costly covers the famous sayings and fly opinions of such a far-famed man as Barry Pain.

. . . *I* care not what Barry calls the book I have written. *I* care not for the opinion of half-starved upstarts, who don the garb of a shabby-genteel, and feign would feed the minds of the people with the worthless scraps of stolen fancies.

. . . When Barry was swelling his head with the idea he thought to press into universal persuasion, but in which he has experienced a defeat for at least once in his famous life-time, I wonder if he failed to experience a sense of shame, a sense of ignorance, strongly indulged in by his professional brothers, at the great presumption he manifested in laying before the public a page of such balderdash, only attributable to a ranting schoolboy; and one has just to read *Black and White*, page 249, of 19th February, 1898, to endorse my pungent remark. But no! Presumption was the predominant trait when engaged in an action that not alone brought comfort to the accomplished barrister,

but to the "*whole world*," if it satisfy him to allow his thoughts to thus rove. Barry, assuredly, has sprung from that rare old race of ancestors styled "*pomposity*," whose descendants occupied largely the grounds of flattery, puff, egotism, and imagination; the most marked traits they have willed in their most marked manner to their critic offspring, thus laying the object of their pronounced care a charge on the talent of the world's great parish, to adorn or disgrace such rare forefathers as the above in whatever fashion poverty adopts. This harangue is understatement; in fact, anything I could possibly say about Barry would be understatement.

. . . Never in the knowledge of man has there been such a downpour of expression, such a page of kindliness, as that found in *Black and White*, page 249, of 19th February, 1898, entitled "*The Book of the Century*," by (I'm off in a swoon)—by (ah, the thought is too great, it is too much!)—by Bar—(Almighty Father, my brain is in a whizz!)—Barry—(I'm tremendous sick!)—P—(Holy of Holies!)—Pa—(the heart's pulsations are about to stop!)—Pain!—(not a bit of them! I've got relief, by heavens! relief at last!), and good-bye, Barry dear, until we meet once more in the field of "pepper-and-salt" literature.

KENNETH HARE

(1888-)

The following squib, written at Oxford twenty years ago, deals with a subject of perennial interest in our Universities, namely the necessity imposed on persons interested in letters to study philology, if they wish to get a degree in literature. A pianist is not compelled to acquaint himself with the construction of a piano, before playing on it; and there is no more reason why those who care for literature should have to pursue vowels and consonants into the recesses of the Dark Ages.

From

HAVE WITH YOU TO HIBERNIA

or

AN OPHICLEIDE FOR OXFORD

Being

A Perilous Protest

Against

Certain Lewd Fellows of the Baser Sort

Banding Themselves Together Under the Name of

"PHILOLOGISTS"

And to be had at the Sign of the Three Balls in Gold and at all Taverns and Hostelries throughout His Majesty's Dominion

THE school of English Lang. and Litt.,
In our opinion, should be split,

For he who has the sort of wit
To score a bit on English Litt.,
Is not, egad, the kind of man
To babble Lithuanian.
Nor midnight oil, nor wetted towels
Elucidate for him the vowels,
And as for Balto-Slavonic,
It makes him physically sick.
In language very far from prim
He objurgates the law of Grimm,
And having studied half the night
He's far from Wright and Sweet and Bright!
He strives to dig up Lettic verbs
And other unsalubrious herbs,
Pallid (profaner joys forsaking)
While vowels, and his heart, are breaking.
At three a.m. with giddy shout
He swears he's fathomed u-umlaut,
He summons Siever o'er the wave,
Digs Verner from his mossy grave:
But finding all his hopes are vain,
He simply goes to bed again.
Now, Muse, you have a harder lot,
Seek succour in the pewter pot
And *to't* again (in minor key
The standpoint of philology),
Nor need you fear to ban and curse.
"Grammarians" can write no verse.
Philologists, as you'd expect,
Loathe everything but dialect,
They work Cordelia with a crammer

And concentrate on Falstaff's grammar!
When Mrs. B-ns-n plays her part
They weep with joy, "Why, this is art!"
With horrid glee they fairly pant
To wrestle with the consonant
Or (merry mountebanks) are set
To juggle with the alphabet.
In fine, such men have never souls
But mental tape and pigeon holes.

SIR ROGER CASEMENT

Sir Roger Casement, who served in the British Consular Service before the war, and had retired on a pension, after being knighted, went to Germany during the war, and tried to secure recruits for the Irish Rebellion among Irish prisoners of war. He was captured by the English while gun-running off the Irish coast.

The speech, from which extracts are given below, was delivered on June 29, 1916. Sir Roger Casement was hanged on August 3rd.

Technically, Casement was entirely in the wrong, and even morally his position was much weakened by the fact that he was a pensioner. At the same time, his courage and the brilliance of his speech were admirable. One must especially appreciate his hit at Sir F. E. Smith, now Lord Birkenhead, the Attorney-General, who prosecuted for the Crown. "The Unionist champions," Casement said, "chose a path they felt would lead to the woolsack; while I went a road I knew must lead to the dock."

This was in reference to Sir F. E. Smith as a rebel de luxe, *at the time when the Ulster Volunteers, early in 1914, were defying the Asquith Government, and English officers at the Curragh were refusing to march against them.*

Asquith, who shot the rebels of Easter 1916, was, very reasonably, afraid to take any steps against rebels

who commanded the sympathies of the English ruling classes.

After Casement had been condemned, various petitions were sent in to Asquith, signed, among others, by Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Arnold Bennett, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, Mr. Clement Shorter, Mr. Sidney Webb, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Mr. William Archer, and Mr. Masefield.

Mr. Bernard Shaw wrote a speech for Casement, but Casement preferred to deliver a speech of his own composition.

FROM SIR ROGER CASEMENT'S SPEECH

June 29, 1916

IRELAND has outlived the failure of all her hopes—and yet she still hopes. Ireland has seen her sons—aye, and her daughters too—suffer from generation to generation always for the same cause, meeting always the same fate, and always at the hands of the same power; and always a fresh generation has passed on to withstand the same oppression. For if English authority be omnipotent—a power, as Mr. Gladstone phrased it, that reaches to the very ends of the earth—Irish hope exceeds the dimensions of that power, excels its authority, and renews with each generation the claims of the last. The cause that begets this indomitable persistency, the faculty of preserving through centuries of misery the remembrance of lost liberty, this surely is the noblest cause men ever strove for, ever lived for, ever died for. If this be the case I stand here to-day indicted for, and convicted of sustaining, then

I stand in a goodly company and a right noble succession.

. . . A constitutional movement in Ireland is never very far from a breach of the constitution, as the Loyalists of Ulster had been so eager to show us. . . . And when we had the doctrine of Unionist loyalists at last—"Mausers and Kaisers and any King you like"[1]—I felt I needed no other warrant than that these words conveyed to go forth to do likewise. The difference between us was that the Unionist champions chose a path they felt would lead to the woolsack; while I went a road I knew must lead to the dock. And the event proves we were both right. The difference between us was that my "treason" was based on a ruthless sincerity that forced me to attempt in time and season to carry out in action what I said in word—whereas their treason lay in verbal incitements that they knew need never be made good in their bodies. And so, I am prouder to stand here to-day in the traitor's dock to answer this impeachment than to fill the place of my right honourable accusers.

We have been told, we have been asked to hope, that after this war Ireland will get Home Rule, as a reward for the life blood shed in a cause which whoever else its success may benefit can surely not benefit Ireland. And what will Home Rule be in return for what its vague promise has taken and still hopes to take away from Ireland? It is not necessary to climb

[1] Sir Roger Casement does not give the author of this phrase, but the Ulster Volunteers were alleged to have received rifles and ammunition from Germany, just before the war, to assist them against the English Government.

the painful stairs of Irish history—that treadmill of a nation whose labours are as vain for her own uplifting as the convict's exertions are for his redemption —to review the long list of British promises made only to be broken—of Irish hopes raised only to be dashed to the ground. Home Rule when it comes, if come it does, will find an Ireland drained of all that is vital to its very existence—unless it be that unquenchable hope we build on the graves of the dead. We are told that if Irishmen go by the thousand to die, not for Ireland, but for Flanders, for Belgium, for a patch of sand in the deserts of Mesopotamia, or a rocky trench on the heights of Gallipoli, they are winning self-government for Ireland. But if they dare to lay down their lives on their native soil, if they dare to dream even that freedom can be won only at home by men resolved to fight for it there, then they are traitors to their country, and their dream and their deaths alike are phases of a dishonourable phantasy. But history is not so recorded in other lands. In Ireland alone in this twentieth century is loyalty held to be a crime. If we are to be indicted as criminals, to be shot as murderers, to be imprisoned as convicts because our offence is that we love Ireland more than we value our lives, then I know not what virtue resides in any offer of self-government held out to brave men on such terms. Self-government is our right, a thing born in us at birth; a thing no more to be doled out to us or withheld from us by another people than the right to life itself—than the right to feel the sun or smell the flowers, or to love our kind. It is only from the con-

vict these things are withheld for crime committed and proven—and Ireland that has wronged no man, that has injured no land, that has sought no dominion over others—Ireland is treated to-day among the nations of the world as if she was a convicted criminal. If it be treason to fight against such an unnatural fate as this, then I am proud to be a rebel, and shall cling to my "rebellion" with the last drop of my blood. If there be no right of rebellion against a state of things that no savage tribe would endure without resistance, then I am sure that it is better for men to fight and die without right than to live in such a state of right as this. Where all your rights become only an accumulated wrong; where men must beg with bated breath for leave to subsist in their own land, to think their own thoughts, to sing their own songs, to garner the fruits of their own labours—and even while they beg, to see things inexorably withdrawn from them—then surely it is braver, a saner and a truer thing, to be a rebel in act and deed against such circumstances as these than tamely to accept it as the natural lot of men.

THE SENTENCE

The Lord Chief Justice (Lord Reading): Sir Roger David Casement, you have been found guilty of treason, the greatest crime known to the law, and upon evidence which in our opinion is conclusive of guilt. Your crime was that of assisting the King's enemies, that is the Empire of Germany, during the terrible war in which we are engaged. The duty now devolves upon me of passing sentence upon you, and it is that you be

taken hence to a lawful prison, and thence to a place of execution, and that you be there hanged by the neck until you be dead. And the Sheriffs of the Counties of London and Middlesex are, and each of them is, hereby charged with the execution of this judgment, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul.

Mr. Justice Avory: Amen!

G. K. CHESTERTON

(1874-)

Mr. Chesterton is the most controversial of living writers. Nothing interests him unless it affords material for debate and conflict. Even his poetry is a defiance to something or someone. He will spend his time in Heaven writing against Beelzebub, instead of listening to the young-eyed Seraphim.

The chief objects of his hostility are Prussians, politicians, professors, paederasts, prohibitionists, and progressives. But not the Pope.

The four examples given here are The Wife of Flanders, *a fine poem written at the outbreak of the Great War; a Sonnet to a Popular Leader, no doubt Mr. Lloyd George; a characteristic skit on modern theories about prehistoric man; and a magnificent, and though severe not ungenerous, attack on Mr. Wells' inability to understand the philosophy of the Fall of Man. Nothing finer in defence of the idea of Original Sin against the modern idea of the steady upward progress of humanity from sub-human beginnings has been written in this generation.*

THE WIFE OF FLANDERS

Low and brown barns thatched and repatched and tattered
Where I had seven sons until to-day,

A little hill of hay your spur has scattered. . . .
This is not Paris. You have lost the way.

You, staring at your sword to find it brittle,
Surprised at the surprise that was your plan,
Who shaking and breaking barriers not a little
Find never more the death-door of Sedan.

Must I for more than carnage call you claimant,
Paying you a penny for each son you slay?
Man, the whole globe in gold were no repayment
For what *you* have lost. And how shall I repay?

What is the price of that red spark that caught me
From a kind farm that never had a name?
What is the price of that dead man they brought me?
For other dead men do not look the same.

How should I pay for one poor graven steeple
Whereon you shattered what you shall not know,
How should I pay you, miserable people?
How should I pay you everything you owe?

Unhappy, can I give you back your honour?
Though I forgave would any man forget?
While all the great green land has trampled on her
The treason and terror of the night we met.

Not any more in vengeance or in pardon
An old wife bargains for a bean that's hers.
You have no word to break: no heart to harden.
Ride on and prosper. You have lost your spurs.

SONNET

With the Compliments of the Season
To a Popular Leader much to be congratulated on the avoidance of a strike at Christmas

I KNOW you. You will hail the huge release,
Saying the sheathing of a thousand swords,
In silence and injustice, well accords
With Christmas beds. And you will gild with grease
The papers, the employers, the police,
And vomit up the void your windy words
To your New Christ; who bears no whips of cords
For them that traffic in the doves of peace.

The feast of friends, the candle-fruited tree,
I have not failed to honour. And I say
It would be better for such men as we,
And we be nearer Bethlehem, if we lay
Shot dead on scarlet snows for liberty,
Dead in the daylight upon Christmas Day.

THE FALL OF WELLS

WHEN a man is as great a genius as Mr. Wells, I admit it sounds provocative to call him provincial. But if he wants to know why anybody does it, it will be enough to point silently to the headline of one of his pages, which runs "Where is the Garden of Eden?" To come down to a thing like that, and to think it telling, when talking to an intelligent Catholic about the Fall; that *is* provinciality. . . .

The Fall is a view of life. . . . A man who holds this view of life will find it giving light on a thousand

things; on which mere evolutionary ethics have not a word to say. For instance, on the colossal contrast between the completeness of man's machines and the continued corruption of his motives; on the fact that no social progress really seems to leave self behind; on the fact that the first and not the last men of any school or revolution are generally the best and purest; as William Penn was better than a Quaker millionaire or Washington better than an American oil magnate; on that proverb that says "The price of liberty is eternal vigilance," which is only what the theologians say of every other virtue, and is itself only a way of stating the truth of original sin: on those extremes of good and evil by which man exceeds all the animals by the measure of heaven and hell; on that sublime sense of loss that is in the very sound of all great poetry, and nowhere more than in the poetry of pagans and sceptics; "We look before and after, and pine for what is not"; which cries against all prigs and progressives out of the very depths and abysses of the broken heart of man, that happiness is not only a hope but also in some strange manner a memory; and that we are all kings in exile.

Now to people who feel that this view of life is more real, more radical, more universal than the cheap simplifications opposed to it, it comes with quite a shock of bathos to realise that anybody, let alone a man like Mr. Wells, supposes that it all depends on some detail about the site of a garden in Mesopotamia, like that identified by General Gordon. It is hard to find any parallel to such an incongruity; for there is no

real similarity between our muddled mortal affairs and scriptures that are sacred even if they are symbolical. But some shadow of a comparison could be made out of the modern myths. I mean the sort of myths that men like Mr. Wells generally do believe in; such as the Myth of Magna Charta or the Myth of the *Mayflower*. Now many historians will maintain that Magna Charta was really nothing to speak of; that it was largely a piece of feudal privilege. But suppose one of the historians who hold this view began to argue with us excitedly about the fabulous nature of our ordinary fancy picture of Magna Charta. Suppose he produced maps and documents to prove that Magna Charta was not signed at Runnymede, but somewhere else; as I believe some scholars maintain. Suppose he criticised the false heraldry and fancy dress costumes of the ordinary sort of waxwork historical picture of the event. We should think he was rather unduly excited about a detail of mediaeval history. But with what a shock of astonishment should we realise at last that the man actually thought that all modern attempts at democracy must be abandoned, that all representative government must be wrong, that all Parliaments would have to be dissolved and all political rights destroyed, if once it were admitted that King John did not sign that special document in that little island in the Thames! What should we think of him, if he really thought we had no reasons for liking law or liberty, except the authenticity of that beloved royal signature? That is very much how I feel when I find that Mr. Wells really imagines that the luminous and profound

philosophy of the Fall only means that Eden was somewhere in Mesopotamia.

PROFESSORS AND THE PREHISTORIC MAN

. . . I HAVE pointed out the difficulty of keeping a monkey and watching it evolve into a man. Experimental evidence of such an evolution being impossible, the professor is not content to say (as most of us would be ready to say) that such an evolution is likely enough anyhow. He produces his little bone, or little collection of bones, and deduces the most marvellous things from it. He found in Java a part of a skull, seeming by its contour to be smaller than the human. Somewhere near it he found an upright thigh-bone, and in the same scattered fashion some teeth that were not human. If they all form part of one creature, which is doubtful, our conception of the creature would be almost equally doubtful. But the effect on popular science was to produce a complete and even complex figure, finished down to the last detail of hair and habits. He was given a name as if he were an ordinary historical character. People talked of Pithecanthropus as of Pitt or Fox or Napoleon. Popular histories published portraits of him like the portraits of Charles the First and George the Fourth. A detailed drawing was reproduced, carefully shaded, to show that the very hairs of his head were all numbered. No uninformed person looking at its carefully lined face and wistful eyes would imagine for a moment that this was the portrait of a thigh-bone; or of a few teeth and a fragment of a cranium.

HILAIRE BELLOC

(1870-)

Unlike Mr. Chesterton, Mr. Belloc has done his best work outside controversy. In attack he is not sufficiently detached; there is always the suggestion of a personal grievance, as in the first of the two extracts here. In the second extract, his well-known detestation of Cromwell has made him endow Charles I with a social unawareness of Cromwell, which seems rather strange when one considers the many reasons which Charles had, while on earth, for following Cromwell's career with interest.

A PAMPHLETEER ON NOVELS

I HAVE bad news for my colleagues in the detestable trade of writing. The novel is doomed. The novel, the easiest, the commonest, the flabbiest form, the least bounded, the least structural, the one most tempting men to mere babble and women to mere scrabble, is doomed.

. . . The novel, upon the basis of which your best-seller became not only a mighty prophet, but a firm authority upon theology, geology, morphology, tautology, history, mystery, defiance, alliance, physical science, politics and the aesthetic—is doomed.

Now what do you think of that? How does the future look to you now? Can you face it?

You the best-sellers (if you have made your investments prudently) need not trouble, and you that hardly make both ends meet on one miserable tale a year, will feel, I suppose, neither heat nor cold at this great news; for your lives are such that you hardly care whether your lives continue or no. But you, the vast army of young writers, who are just about to swash your bucketful of rubbish into this mighty existing sea of novels—the news must give *you* pause. You cannot write verse worth printing; you know nothing; you cannot think, you cannot construct a paragraph, you cannot pray, you cannot build, you cannot paint or draw, you cannot plough, you cannot ride a horse, you cannot handle a boat, you cannot solve an equation, you cannot draw up a sketch map, you cannot carpenter, you cannot work in metals. At least (you said) we can write novels. What then will you do when that one door is shut, as shut it is about to be? Sell shrimps perhaps.

. . . But the great names, you ask me, the names which are now upon a par with the poets and the theologians and the soldiers of the world—these will remain? No, they won't. They will indeed survive their works by some few years; but not for very long, save such few as could achieve something more than novel-writing. The poets will survive, they are the toughest kind of meat for the teeth of Time; possibly the mathematicians will survive and certainly the theologians; but not the novelists, however garlanded. Their hour has struck, their business is at an end. And I, for one, rejoice.

SOCIAL DISTINCTIONS IN HADES

"I WAS eager to approach so great a man, but somewhat abashed. However, his Majesty put me at my ease by extending to me the middle finger of his left hand to kiss, upon which I saw a great diamond as big as my thumb, and cut into a hundred facets. He smiled at me in a melancholy way. . . .

I was moved to ask him whether he had had an opportunity to judge Oliver at close quarters and under the ample leisure and experience of eternity.

He shrugged his shoulders and answered: 'A loud insignificant fellow, borne upward by chance; very over-bearing.'

I answered, 'Sir, I think him, from my reading, to have been a hypocrite.'

'Of course,' answered the King very simply.

'I further think,' said I, 'that he was slightly mad, as appears in his appetite for cruelty,' but the King here became cold and answered me with these words:

'Of that I know nothing: he and I are not of the same world.'"

THE WAR ABOUT THE WAR

RICHARD ALDINGTON:

DOUGLAS JERROLD:

The two contrasted extracts given below are from the pens of men who fought in the Great War. It would have been interesting to supplement them with a piece of invective from the pen of a non-combatant. May one hope that Mr. Middleton Murry will one day, in the course of his reminiscences of D. H. Lawrence, give us some outburst to supplement the pregnant but tantalising silence in the following scene?

"By Christmas the War had fairly laid hold of him (D. H. Lawrence). One winter afternoon, I remember, he came in with a dull 'Hullo!' and sat down on a wooden chair in my room, quite silent. And he remained silent. He spoke barely a dozen words the whole evening: every now and then he moaned. If ever a man suffered from the War, it was Lawrence. Then he began to form plans of escape. We would get away to an island: Lawrence, Frieda, Katherine, Koteliansky, and I."

From The Death of a Hero

(RICHARD ALDINGTON)

THE death of a hero! What mockery, what bloody cant! What sickening putrid cant! George's death is a

symbol to me of the whole sickening bloody waste of it, the damnable stupid waste and torture of it. . . .

Somehow or other we have to make these dead acceptable, we have to atone for them, we have to appease them. How, I don't quite know, I know there's the Two Minutes' Silence. But after all, a Two Minutes' Silence once a year isn't doing much—in fact, it's doing nothing. Atonement—how can we atone? How can we atone for the lost millions and millions of years of life, how atone for those lakes and seas of blood? Something is unfulfilled; and that is poisoning us. It is poisoning me, at any rate, though I have agonised over it, as I now agonise over poor George, for whose death no other human being has agonised. What can we do? Headstones and wreaths and memorials and speeches and the Cenotaph—no, no, it has got to be something *in* us. Somehow we must atone to the dead—the dead, murdered, violently—dead soldiers. The reproach is not from them, but in ourselves. Most of us don't know it, but it is there, and poisons us. It is the poison that makes us heartless and hopeless and lifeless—us the war generation, and the new generation too. The whole world is blood-guilty, cursed like Orestes, and mad, and destroying itself, as if pursued by an infinite legion of Eumenides. Somehow we must atone, somehow we must free ourselves from the curse—the blood-guiltiness. We must find—where? how?—the greater Pallas who will absolve us in some Acropolis of Justice. But meanwhile the dead poison us and those who come after us.

That is why I am writing the life of George Winter-

bourne, a unit, one human body murdered, but to me a symbol. It is an atonement, a desperate effort to wipe off the blood-guiltiness. Perhaps it is the wrong way. Perhaps the poison will still be in me. If so, I shall search for some other way. But I shall search. I know what is poisoning me. I do not know what is poisoning you, but you are poisoned. Perhaps you too must atone.

Epilogue

Eleven years after the fall of Troy,
We, the old men—some of us nearly forty—
Met and talked on the sunny rampart
Over our wine, while the lizards scuttled
In dusty grass, and the crickets chirred.

Some bared their wounds;
Some spoke of the thirst, dry in the throat,
And the heart-beat, in the din of battle;
Some spoke of intolerable sufferings,
The brightness gone from their eyes,
And the grey already thick in their hair.

And I sat a little apart
From the garrulous talk and old memories,
And I heard a boy of twenty
Say petulantly to a girl, seizing her arm:

"Oh, come away; why do you stand there
Listening open-mouthed to the talk of old men?
Haven't you heard enough of Troy and Achilles?
Why should they bore us for ever
With an old quarrel and the names of dead men
We never knew, and dull forgotten battles?"

And he drew her away,
And she looked back and laughed
As he spoke more contempt of us,
Being now out of hearing.

And I thought of the graves by desolate Troy
And the beauty of many young men now dust,
And the long agony, and how useless it all was.
And the talk still clashed about me
Like the meeting of blade and blade.

And as they two moved further away
He put an arm about her, and kissed her;
And afterwards I heard their gay distant laughter.

And I looked at the hollow cheeks
And the weary eyes and the grey-streaked heads
Of the old men—nearly forty—about me;
And I too walked away
In an agony of helpless grief and pity.

From "The Lie about the War"

(DOUGLAS JERROLD)

To the individual personally, all operations of war are meaningless and futile. He has no sense of personal contention with his enemies, not because they are not his enemies, not because the issue of the struggle is immaterial, but simply because the smallest fighting unit is, in modern national warfare, not the individual, the section or the company, not even the battalion, the regiment or the brigade, but the division. And that on rare occasions only.

. . . By the simple device of omitting from the book the relationship of the part to the whole, the writers of these books make *every* incident and *every* tragedy seem futile, purposeless and insignificant. This is the ultimate, dastardly lie. Why is it told?

Mr. Remarque has given the answer to us himself. And the answer is simply that Mr. Remarque "likes to regard" the struggle of "the vital forces of the individual man" as the universal fundamental experience. "Likes to regard!" The confession deserves to rank with that of the Turkish pasha whom the Baroness Kleinmichel met in 1920 for the first time since 1914, of whom she records that "the collapse of the three empires had left him entirely uninterested, but when I told him that the Yacht Club at Petrograd had been closed, he burst into tears."

That is one reason out of many why I said earlier that I was not convinced of the superior disinterestedness and the superior sensibility of these writers over those earlier writers who had also seen, suffered from, and written of the war. A man who regards the fundamental drama of war as that of the individual struggle for survival might well ponder before he claims a moral superiority over those who found it in the rivalry of brave men to be in the front of the struggle. These new writers, we are told, face "fearlessly" the facts of war. There is more courage in the little finger of a Roger Casement and more nobility than in all the flesh and blood of men who can read history like this. As for the infinite pity, nothing is easier, unfortunately, than to be bravely sympathetic about the sufferings of

the past. When I see men like Henry Nevinson, who have fought for unpopular and pacific causes for fifty years at the price of obloquy and personal loss, able to write of the deaths of Englishmen in the war as a "free sacrifice, in a cause involving great issues for mankind," how can I not be conscious of the difference between the gold and the brass of sympathy, between the sympathy which thinks only of others and the sympathy which is odiously concentrated on itself?

And even if we allow the sympathy, what of the logic? Mr. Remarque "likes to regard" his individual struggling to escape from the slaughter. He does not, presumably, "like to regard" Europe and the future of its hundreds of millions for generations to come. For all his devotion he would rather restore the armed camp of 1914 and forfeit the hope of enduring peace than run the risks of war again. I do not believe it. But he says it.

ALDOUS HUXLEY

(1894-)

Praise of St. Francis of Assisi has been so overcharged and unqualified of late years that Mr. Huxley's admirable exposition of the painful incident of Brother Juniper and the pig must give relief to many. In so ingeniously coupling Swift with Sir James Barrie, Mr. Huxley seems to be doing some violence to his natural outlook on life.

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

ALL his history testifies to his vanity. His youthful dissipations, for example—what drove him into those? Pure snobbery. To be debauched was a sign then, as in later times, of nobility. Vain, the son of a shopkeeper, he was ambitious to outspend, outdrink, outroar, and outfornicate the choicest imps of the Umbrian nobility. And when he was a prisoner of war at Perugia, in 1202, "You'll see," he was wont to say to his companions, "one day I shall be worshipped by the whole world.". . .

But how should he realize these longings? He had tried the knightly way and failed, ignominiously. In his misery he turned to religion, and there, in religion, discovered a new field for achieving the personal distinction for which his soul so ardently and incessantly

longed. The world refused to recognize him as Assisi's greatest soldier. Very well. It should recognize him as Assisi's greatest man of God.

BROTHER JUNIPER AND ST. FRANCIS

(*Brother Juniper cut off a pig's trotter to give to a sick Brother of the Order. The pig's owner complained to St. Francis, who ordered Brother Juniper to express his regrets to the man. This Brother Juniper did with such simple humility, that the owner of the pig, bursting into tears, finished the pig off, and brought it, roasted, to St. Francis. St. Francis exclaimed, "Would to God, my brothers, that I had a whole forest of such Junipers!" Mr. Huxley comments as follows:—*)

Brother Juniper, of course, could not have been expected to know any better. All the anecdotes about this personage paint him as a half-savage zany entirely possessed, since his conversion, by a single idea—the idea of Franciscan Christianity. He was too much of an imbecile to see that there could be anything in the bloody mutilation of a defenceless animal incompatible with the purest charity. To this clown and the doubtless equally clownish Brother, whose longing for pig's trotters was the *fons et origo* of the whole incident, the maiming of the pig was not merely a commendable act of charity: it was also exquisitely humorous. Juniper told the story "with great glee, for to glad the sick man's heart." And doubtless any half-witted rustic of the thirteenth century would have whooped and roared with laughter at the spectacle of a pig with only three feet trailing a bleeding stump with squeals

and groans among the trees. But what of Francis? What of the man whom his modern biographers have slobbered over with a maudlin, vegetarian-sentimentality as the first animal-lover, the prophet of nature-worship and humanitarianism? We find him rebuking the over-zealous Juniper—but not for hacking tit-bits off the living swine; only for making a scandal, for getting the monks into trouble with the public. Of the pig and its bleeding stump of leg and its squealing in the wood he does not think at all. It never even occurs to him to tell his imbecile disciple that maiming pigs and leaving them to bleed is not a perfectly charitable act. On the contrary, he finds, when the scandal has been averted, that Juniper has behaved quite admirably.

SWIFT AND SIR JAMES BARRIE

Cut off by some accident of body or character from the beautiful and humorous, the rather absurd but sacred, but sublime and marvellous world of carnal passion and tenderness . . . Swift was prevented from growing to full human maturity. Remaining sub-humanly childish, he continued all his life to resent reality for not resembling the abstractions and fairy-tale compensations of the philosophers and theologians. At the same time his separation from the human world, his sense of solitude, developed in him something of the sub-human malignity, the hate, the envious "righteous indignation" of the Puritan. The reverse of this ferocious hater was, as so often happens, a sentimentalist—a sentimentalist, moreover, of the

worst kind; for, in the writer of the baby-language which fills so much space in Swift's *Journal to Stella*, we see that most abject and repulsive type of sentimentalist (a type, it may be added, exceedingly common at the present time), the adult man who deliberately mimics the attitudes of childhood. The character of the age in which Swift lived was hard and virile: machinery, Taylorization, the highly-organized division of labour, specialization, and humanitarianism had not yet begun to produce their dehumanizing effects. In the England of the early seventeen-hundreds, Swift was ashamed of his infantility. His baby-language was a secret between himself and the two "sweet rogues" to whom he wrote his letters. In public he revealed only the Puritan, the Father-of-the-Church side of him—the respectably misanthropical obverse of the infantile medal. If he had lived two hundred years later in our routine-ridden, mechanized world of flabbily sub-human sentimentalists, he would not have been ashamed of his infantility: on the contrary, he would have been proud. His angers and his hatreds are what he would have hidden from the modern public. If Swift were alive to-day, he would be the adored, the baroneted, the Order of Merited author, not of *Gulliver*, not of *The Tale of a Tub*, not of the *Advice to Servants*, not of *The Lady's Dressing-Room*, but of *A Kiss for Cinderella* and *Peter Pan*.

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